£2,000 INSURANCE. SPECIAL TO SOLDIERS. £2,000 INSURANCE.

Dunville's V.R. Whisky BELFAST. OF ALL DEALERS.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

ZOX CURES TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, AND ALL PAINS. Of Chemists, 1/- & 2/6 PER BOX. ZOX Coy., 225, Jamaica Rd., London, S.E.

No. 257.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 22, 1895. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT GRIP.

A ROYAL COMMAND from H.R.H. The Grand Duchess Peter of Russia.

"Gérant de la Cour et Aide de Camp de S.A.I. le Grand Duc Pietre de Russie." Translation: "Sir,—Will you please forward to the address of Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia some Dress Grips, as per your advertisement? Enclosed amount. (Signed) BARON DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.—10th April, 1894."

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

READ THIS. From the "Draper's Record," July 16th, 1894:

"From an authentic source I hear that no less than SEVEN MILLIONS of the Leopold Grip have been sold in four months."

THE PRINCIPAL REASON OF THE MARVELLOUS SALE OF

THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT GRIP

is its extreme simplicity. It is the only Grip made in one piece without any troublesome Hook and Eyes, and the only one that attaches itself to the skirt.

Price 3D. each. Price 3D. each.

OF ALL DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

Patentee and Inventor, L. MARKS, London Road, LEICESTER.

"Cadbury's"

"The Typical Cocoa of English Manufacture, Absolutely Pure." *The Analyst.*

NO CHEMICALS USED. *(As in many of the so-called Pure Foreign Cocoas.)*

"Some necessaries that I needs must use."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II., Scene 4.

The new Song of the Shirt.

Oh men with sisters dear!
Oh men with mothers and wives!
If you'll buy MILWARDS' NEEDLES
They'll not wear out the eyes.

Sample Packets of Wonderful Galyx-eyed (thread without threading) or Milwards' Best (ordinary make), 3d. Post Free from the Works, Washford Mills, Redditch.

OUR NEW ONE-OUNCE TINS ARE NOW ON SALE.

SWEET AND COOL. GALLAHER'S TWO FLAKES TOBACCO. LOVELY AROMA.

THE KING OF PIPE TOBACCOS.

BLENDED FROM THE FINEST AMERICAN LEAF.

Owing to the numerous imitations of this excellent Tobacco, we recommend Smokers to see that they buy it in our 1, 2, and 4oz. decorated Tins, secured by Patent Band.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

The 'Queen' of Toilet Preparations FOR SUMMER USE. IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH AND COOL AND REFRESHED during the hottest weather. REMOVES and PREVENTS ALL SUNBURN, REDNESS, IRRITATION, FRECKLES, TAN, &c.

Refuse all Imitations. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the ONLY GENUINE. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either size sent post free for 3d. extra, direct by the Sole Makers, M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

GIVEN AWAY £5,000! GRAHAM & CO.'S £5,000! GIVEN AWAY

MONSTER GIFTS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Messrs. GRAHAM & CO. intend to present their customers with a Monster Parcel as a means of advertising their celebrated EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY.

FOR THE SMALL SUM OF 6s. 6d. WE WILL SEND AS FOLLOWS:—

NOT A TOY

	Our Price.
One Gents' Egyptian Gold Albert, or one Ladies' Egyptian Gold Albert ...	2s. 6d.
One Seal or Locket for Chain ...	1s. 6d.
One Gents' Carbon Diamond Ring, or one Ladies' 5-Stone Diamond Ring ...	3s. 6d.
One Gents' Carbon Diamond Scarfpin, or one Ladies' Fashionable Brooch ...	2s. 6d.
One Pair of Cuff Links, or one Carbon Diamond Bracelet	2s. 6d.
Total	12s. 6d.

FOR 6s. 6d.

WE GIVE YOU A WATCH.

GUARANTEED TO KEEP CORRECT TIME.

Any Watch not received in going order will be exchanged.

In addition to above Every Purchaser will be Presented Free of Charge with one of our handsome

KEYLESS WATCHES,

Usually sold at Half-a-Guinea.

Read what is said by those who have Purchased.

WANTS A SECOND PARCEL.

"Lowick-by-Beale, Northumberland, August 17.

"GENTLEMEN,—Received to-day your second parcel of Jewellery, with which we are immensely pleased. We really wonder how you can do it. The watch itself is worth more than the money charged for the whole. Many thanks for punctuality. Very truly yours, "WILLIAM McISAAC."

GOES BETTER THAN HIS £15 WATCH.

"11, North Street, St. Peters, Tonbridge Wells.

"GENTLEMEN,—Some few weeks ago I sent to your firm for the jewellery and advertised watch, of which I am surprised; the Watch is a beautiful timeist. I must admit, in fact, it goes better than my £15 gold watch; and for the jewellery it is astonishing value. I think you must lose money over such gifts, as I term it. The watch alone is worth double the 7s. I inclosed. I have shown it to several of my friends, and they were astonished. You can add this to your testimonials if it will be of any service. I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully, "LEWIS C. RHODES."

Every Watch is Carefully Examined, Timed, and Guaranteed a Correct Timekeeper. Call and see them.

We do this to save the enormous cost of advertising, preferring to give our customers the benefit. As we lose money on each parcel we cannot supply more than two parcels to one person. If you can call, get a P.O. at once, and send for this wonderful parcel. Orders will be executed in rotation. Money cheerfully returned if not as represented.

NOTE.—The entire parcel will be sent for 6s. 6d. (post free registered 7s.). Each customer will receive gratis one of our HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES. Be sure and call or send to-day for the

6s. 6d. MONSTER PRESENTATION PARCEL including the HANDSOME KEYLESS WATCH.

E. GRAHAM & CO., 277, Strand, London, W.C.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Bordered, per doz. | Hem-stitched, per doz.
Children's, 1/3 | Ladies', 2/9
Ladies' 2/3 | Gents', 3/11
Gents' 3/3

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra.)

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Myra's Journal.*

(By Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.)

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY,

Are selling fast the most wonderful Package of Crockery in the World.

100 PIECES FOR £1 1s.

A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed Worth the Guinea alone, consequently a charming China Tea Service and a useful Collection of Crockery are given FOR NOTHING.

Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.

The Secret of the Success.—The Pearson Pottery Company are manufacturers not middlemen like many other advertisers. The Pearson Potteries have nearly 2,000 ft. frontage to the town of Hanley.

Hundreds of these packages are applied for as Wedding or Birthday Presents. And what more useful present can be given. Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.

Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed.

All letters to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HUTTON'S IRISH TWEED

Guaranteed ALL PURE WOOL, unsurpassed for DURABILITY and HARD WEAR.

We guarantee all our Tweeds and Serges are made from pure wool without any admixture of shoddy, and are perfectly fast dye. They are exceptionally well adapted for school and business suits.

BUSINESS SUITS TO MEASURE . . 32/6
TROUSERS TO MEASURE 8/9

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL.

Samples, measurement forms, and price lists free. Over 100 new patterns now ready. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials received.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS . . . . . 4/11 per doz.
GENTS' CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, all pure flax 3/6 „
SAMPLES FREE.

PARCELS OVER 20s. CARRIAGE PAID.

G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, IRELAND.

Save 30 per cent. on your Clothing.
SEND TO-DAY TO THE LIMERICK CLOTHING FACTORY (LTD.),
For a Free Set of Samples.
And Instructions for Self-Measuring.
SUITS From 24s. 6d.
IRISH TWEEDS GIVE THE MOST WEAR.
All Goods Carriage Paid.
Fit Guaranteed or Money Returned.
Bankers: Bank of Ireland.
Please mention this paper.
THE LIMERICK CLOTHING FACTORY Ltd., LIMERICK.

MRS. JACKSON

An artist's wife, residing at Norton, near Malton, states: "No words can express my gratitude to you for the good received through taking your Wind Pills. For a long time I suffered severely from

INDIGESTION, SPASMS,

and LIVER COMPLAINT. The doctors gave me up as incurable, nor did I think it possible for me to recover. I scarcely dared to eat any food, fearing suffocation. Seeing an advertisement of

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS,

I resolved to try them. After taking a few small boxes, I lost all the painful symptoms, and now enjoy good health. I feel I owe my life to you."

All sufferers from INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, WIND on the STOMACH, COSTIVENESS, SICK HEADACHE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BILIOUSNESS, &c., should avail themselves of this most excellent medicine.

Of all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

A Lady's Remarkable Letter to a Gentleman:

"Malvern Link, Worcestershire, Sep. 26.—Dear Sir,—I had Typhoid Fever four years ago, and it left me entirely bald; I tried every Restorer that can be mentioned, and they did me no good. Some time ago I went to Cheltenham, and made a purchase at a chemist's which he wrapped in a little bill of 'Clifford's' Hair Restorer. I had a bottle, and after using it and another the hair made its appearance, and my head was just like a young baby's. Now I have a beautiful head of hair.
"Yours truly, (Miss) L. GREEN."

THE

CLIFFORD HAIR RESTORER

The "CLIFFORD" HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore the Hair to its natural colour and gloss, preventing the hair from falling out, or coming off with the comb, removing Scurf and Dandriff, and preserving the Scalp in a clean, cool, and healthy condition.
Sold in Bottles at 1/- each, by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers, or sent post free on receipt of 15 stamps by the

Sole Proprietor:
W. B. MASON,
Wholesale Druggist,
LEEDS.

THE

HI-JEN-IK BRACE

(PATENTED)

is the simplest and most comfortable brace ever invented. All the parts working on pivots, it adapts itself to every movement of the body. It is worn by the leading athletes of the world. Testimonial from Sir HENRY IRVING, Lyceum Theatre, May 28th, 1895. Dear Sir,—I think the Braces you have been good enough to send me are excellent, and I wish to order half-a-dozen pairs.—Faithfully yours, HENRY IRVING.

A PERFECT BRACE AT LAST.
No complications of Cords and Pullies.
Agents: Bradford: Jacksons, Ltd., Albert Buildings, Manchester Road.
Leeds: A. Tomalin, Boar Lane.
From whom they can be had at
1/-, 1/6, 2/6, and upwards, per pair.
By post 2d. extra.

LADIES' COSTUMES 10/6 Post Free

Made from our noted Avondale Cheviot Serge, in the Improved Scarborough Shape. Fast in Colour, very strong and durable, and highly recommended for hard wear.

In Navy, Grenat, Brown, Tan, Myrtle, Grey, and Black. Also made in Covert Coating and Costume Tweeds.

Price only—
10/6
Carriage Free in Great Britain.

S. M. Co's Regd. Design.

The New Scarboro' Costume consists of full pleated front, with pointed Yoke at the back, with turn-down or stand-up Collar, with fashionable full sleeves. Yoke and Sleeves well lined, bound seams. Collar and Cuffs with Belt plain stitched.

Fashionable Tailor-made Skirt, with deep hem of own material, and five rows of plain stitching.

The Costume is guaranteed to be thoroughly well made and finished. We have received thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the world. Every purchaser surprised and delighted. A perfect wonder at the *price*. In ordering please state length of skirt in front, and size of waist, and bust measure under arms. The Costume can be packed in a strong leather board box for 6d. extra.

TRY OUR GIRLS'
"ELSIE AVONDALE" CHEVIOT SERGE FROCKS.
Trimmed Black or Cream Braid.

Sizes ...	23	25	29	31	34	37	40	43 inches.
Price ...	1/9	2/3	2/9	3/3	3/9	4/3	4/9	5/3 each

The measurements stated are from the shoulder seam to the bottom of dress.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Ladies' Tailor-made Avondale Cheviot Serge Dress Skirts, fashionable shape, with deep hem of own material and five rows of plain stitching, price only 5/9 each, post free. In ordering please state waist measure, and length of skirt in front.

Our 10/11 COSTUME with OPEN COAT is WONDERFUL VALUE.

FREE GIFTS! FREE GIFTS! FREE GIFTS! are given with all orders of 20s. and over.

Write for our Illustrated Price Lists and Patterns, sent post free on application to the Shakespeare Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 41), 1, Milk Street, Manchester.

RULES FOR STARCHING.

A most valuable little book for those who do their starching at home.

Post free for Two Stamps.

C. CHANCELLOR & Co., London, E.C.

1 2 3

RISIN' SUN METAL POLISH
Gives to all kinds of Metal articles a most beautiful, soft and brilliant polish.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Twelve-page pamphlet containing useful Domestic Hints.

Post Free, 1d.

F. F. FRY, 58, Belleville-rd., Wandsworth Common, London, S.W.

"To give the hesitating wheels of life giddier play."

DR. TIBBLES'

VI-COCOA

Prepared from Malt, Hops, Kola, and Cocoa.
Most delicious for Breakfast, Luncheon, and Supper.

A PERFECT BEVERAGE FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND BUSY MEN.

STIMULATING. STRENGTHENING. SUSTAINING.

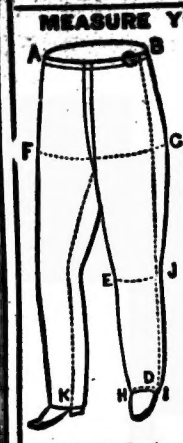
"In the front rank of really valuable Foods."—*The Lancet.*

FREE

A dainty Sample Tin sent Free on receipt of post card.
Sold in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins.

THE VI-COCOA COMPANY,
102, FENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.

MEASURE YOURSELF.



Trousers 7/6 PER PAIR. WEST-END CUT AND STYLE. In Tweeds and Serges.

NEW SPRING PATTERNS.

SUITS To Measure, 27/6

DRESS SUIT To Measure, 40/-

Special purchasings of High-class Trousers (to measure) 10/-

Write or call to-day for POST-FREE PATTERNS
And Self-Measurement Forms sent anywhere.

White Flannel Trousers (to measure) 5/11
Also Stripes and Checks in a variety of Colours.
Cycling Stockings 1/3
Send size of feet with order. Postage 3d.

The "MARVEL" SWEATER, 2/3 In Grey, with Collar.

THE "OXFORD" HIGH-CLASS CYCLES.
GUARANTEED FOR TWELVE MONTHS
£9

Weight 28lbs. This year's make. All parts "up-to-date," finished in best style. Pneumatic Tyres. Easy terms arranged. ACCESSORIES at LOWEST PRICES. *Write for List.*

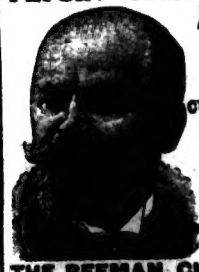
THOMPSON BROS., LTD., 3, Oxford St. (Corner of Charing X Rd), London, W.

CANCER IS NOT INCURABLE,

Nor are Cancroids. It is estimated that ninety per cent. represents the proportion of cases absolutely and permanently cured by the "HUDSON" process. The whole growth is completely extracted, and the average length of treatment does not exceed a month. Delay only is dangerous. Consultation free. Correspondence invited. Particulars will be sent to anyone interested.

Mr. HUDSON,
12, York Bldgs., John St., Adelphi, London, W.C.

BEEMAN'S THE ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.



A DELICIOUS AND LASTING CONFECTION.

CURES INDIGESTION and seasickness. Put up in 1d. and 2½d. packages. If you cannot obtain it of dealers, send stamps for sample package, adding 1d. extra to cover postage to

THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 15, Byegrove House, Merton, Surrey.

CLOTHING AT FIRST COST.

MEN'S TROUSERS in Serges, Tweeds, &c., from 4/11.
COATS AND VESTS from 12/6.
SUITS from 16/11.
DUST COATS from 16/6.
LONG PADDOCK COATS from 25/-.
SPRING PATTERNS ARE NOW READY.

Send for Patterns and Rules for Self-Measurement—

J. H. HUTT, Wholesale Clothier,
ASHTON NEW RD., MANCHESTER.
Agents Wanted.

GIVEN AWAY VALUE 10s. | Why buy Trousers? Every Garment Tailor-made. | GIVEN AWAY VALUE 10s.

Write to us for patterns of our wonderful Serge and Tweed Suits to measure at 28s. The cheapest on earth.

We will also present FREE OF CHARGE to every purchaser of Suit one pair of our celebrated Trousers, value 10s.

Our New Spring Patterns are now ready; largest selection in the world to choose from.

WRITE TO-DAY for price lists, patterns, press notices, and testimonials free.

We return your money in full if our goods do not please.

Agents wanted. Terms and appointment by letter. THE NEW MANUFACTURING COMPANY, YATE, Gloucestershire.

TOOTH-ACHE

CURED INSTANTLY BY BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights prevented.

Neuralgic Headaches and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

30 YEARS' SUCCESS AMONG THE DEAF.

The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON, Specialist, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, will be happy to send his book on the Ear, "How to Cure without the Use of Instruments or Operation." Price 6d. Sufferers from Deafness, Noises, or Discharges in the Ear should obtain this work, or write or call at the Consulting Rooms. Free Consultations daily from 11 till 4. (Saturdays, 11 till 1.) Wonderful cases:—A person cured after 40 years' deafness, and one at the age of 90. A gentleman after 17 years' deafness cured. A remarkable case of a lady at Lincoln, substantiated by a Clergyman. Addresses on application. All communications as above.

INVENTORS

An invention protected for £1. Handbook "How to Patent an Invention," giving full particulars, forms, &c., free from HUGHES & YOUNG, "Patent Editors" to the principal newspapers, 23, Coleman Street, London, E.C. Established 1869. Inventors assisted in working or selling inventions. Read "Patents."

STAMPS.

Stamp Albums and Philatelic requisites of every description.
Write for Catalogue, inclosing penny stamp for postage, and mention *Pearson's Weekly.*
WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.
(Established 1869.)

BLUSHING AND FLUSHING.

These distressing complaints positively and permanently cured. Practical treatise showing the causes, symptoms, and only rational treatment, post free three stamps.
Prof. C. S. KENDAL,
3, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, London, W.

ISLE OF MAN.

Most Popular Resort in the Kingdom.
Yachting, Rowing; River, Bay, and Deep-sea Fishing; Bathing, Coaching, Cycling, Golfing, Tennis, Cricketing, and Mountaineering. Guides, map, hotel and boarding-house lists, sent free by Mr. T. KEIG, 3, Athol Street, Douglas, Man; or 27, Imperial Buildings, London, E.C.

STANTON, THE PEOPLE'S DENTIST.
335, STRAND (Opposite Somerset House).
TEETH on VULCANITE, 2s. 6d. each, upper or lower set, £1. Best quality, 4s. each, upper or lower, £2. Completed in four hours when required. Repairing or alterations in two hours. Teeth on platinum, 7s. 6d. each, on 18c. gold, 15s., stopping, 2s. 6d., extraction, 1s., painless, by gas, 5s.
Hours 10 till 7. Saturdays 10 till 4.

RED NOSES

PERMANENTLY CURED IN A FEW DAYS.

Treatise and full particulars post free, two stamps. Prof. C. T. DUNCAN, 39, Baker Street, London, W.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Will you of our readers who are inhabitants of the greatest city in the world spare something for the FRESH AIR FUND on Saturday, June 15th? On that day a number of kindhearted helpers have freely given their services on behalf of the F.A.F. to superintend collecting boxes which will be awaiting you in the most prominent parts of the E.C., W.C., and Westminster districts.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 257.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 22, 1895. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SIMPLY A SUGGESTION.

LAUGHTER is better than crying;
That's what the humourists say,
Living is better than dying—
Breathing the essence of May.
For the sun is somewhere shining,
O'er the brooding clouds inclining,
And these have their silver lining,
Gleaming through the grey.

Singing is better than sighing;
Hark to the birds on the trees,
Thro' the green foliage flying.
Saucily perched at their ease.
Nestling in rigorous weather,
Snug from the pitiless blast,
Sailing as lithe as a feather,
When the winter is past.

Jesting is better than croaking,
Fun has a licence to stay;
Laugh at the mountebank joking,
Short in his shrift and his sway.
Time pipes up a rousing measure,
And we'll all join in the dance;
Youth and age taste goodly pleasure,
As they caper or advance.

A MILE DOWN IN THE EARTH.

THE great novelty at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 will be, it is expected, a dive into the bowels of the earth.

M. Grousset's plan, which, it has been announced, has been approved by the management, is to dig a series of eight vertical shafts, each 600 feet in length, one beginning where another leaves off.

Two passenger lifts are to run in each shaft, and there are to be galleries or stations at the end of each lift journey, where refreshments will be served under the blaze of electric lights.

The excavation will be thoroughly ventilated, and the traveller who descends to the lowest gallery depth will be 4,800 feet below the surface from which he started. The estimated cost is £500,000, which, one would think, is quite moderate for so large an undertaking.

"SEASON TICKETS, PLEASE."

To be exact in the discharge of one's duties is always commendable, but to put others to unnecessary trouble simply to show one's personal authority is the mark of a small mind, and sometimes causes more serious results than in the following amusing case.

A station-master in North Wales, who is not noted for his affability, while examining tickets, came across a cattle dealer, well-known in the district, who held a season ticket. The station-master, being aware of this, usually allowed the dealer to pass without remark. On this occasion, however, he ordered him, in a not very polite manner, to produce the ticket, adding in a severe tone:

"Mind, I want to see it every time you stop at this station."

The ticket was produced and examined, and the station-master passed on, looking very important and self-satisfied. A few days later, as the early morning mail train drew up at the platform at three a.m., a passenger accosted the solitary porter on duty, and asked for the station-master.

"He is in bed, sir," replied the porter.

"Tell him I want him," said the passenger.

The porter at once declined to carry the message, but on being told that it was the station-master's own wish, he disappeared, and returned, followed by the station-master, who was growling at being brought out of bed in the cold.

On going to the carriage he was confronted by his old friend, the cattle dealer, who handed him his season ticket, politely asking him to examine it, and at the same time reminding him that he had a few days before expressed a wish to see it "every time he stopped at the station."

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SUNSHINE GOOD FOR A WOMAN'S HAIR.

IT is said that women's hair is becoming more beautiful in colour every year, and is also growing thicker and longer. This is said to be due to the small, light bonnets we all have so often abused.

Certain it is that air and sunshine improve the texture and colour of the hair. Sun bleaches the hair, and Venetian beauties always dried their ruddy locks in the sun, thereby getting that tint so much admired called Venetian red. So that lace hats are fashionable this summer ought to be welcome news to those who care about plentiful golden locks.

Of course, sunshine will not bleach dark hair, but it gives a deeper colour to all kinds of tresses, and will brighten dull, brown hair. Hardly any man passes forty without a bald spot, yet women of sixty often have plentiful and beautiful hair.

The reason surely must be that they do not wear the light, unventilated hats poor men are forced to do. Indeed, seeing that women go in for crownless bonnets, why can't men be content with a hat-rim?

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

THE following story is told by a correspondent who has recently returned from a trip to the far West of the United States.

Two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of a railway car, became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers.

Suddenly one of them rose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three persons out of five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "Keep them up just a moment. Now, will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hands also?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you again," he said. "Now, while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers and levelling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuables you may happen to have. Lively now, Jim."

POACHERS' WIVES.

As is the case with the smugglers' womenkind, the poachers' wives are a considerable aid to their husbands. It is to a certain extent true to say that without their aid poaching could not be carried on. They are both active and passive agents in the exciting game—it is their business to get the poached fish into town or village.

Experienced poachers rarely carry game upon them, choosing to secrete it in some stack or rick or disused quarry until such time as it can be borne away in safety. Even more so than country carriers and early morning milkmen, women are their successful agents.

Sometimes they are seen labouring under a heavy load carried in a sack, with faggots and rotten sticks protruding from the mouth, or with a large basket innocently covered with crisp, green cresses, which effectually hide the bright, silvery fish.

On one occasion it got noised abroad that the police would make a raid upon a certain cottage where an illegal net was known to be kept. The dwelling was a disused tollbar, and commanded a long stretch of turnpike road. The woman of the house saw the constables approaching, and made the most of her time before they came up.

Taking off her gown, she fastened one end of the long, narrow net to a projecting crook in the wall; then, retiring to the further side of the kitchen, she took up the other end, and by turning round and round wound the net about her capacious person. When the constables arrived she accompanied them in their vain search into every nook and corner of the cottage.

126 TO 1.

A SIX-GUINEA WATCH FOR YOU.

FOR the sum of one shilling, which will provide a day in the country for one poor child, and one-third of another, you can enter into competition for a splendid silver watch, worth one hundred and twenty-six shillings.

Now, don't you think this is a very fair proposal? In fact, the advantage seems entirely on your side; for you not only provide happiness for poor children to whom happiness is almost unknown, but in so doing you give yourself considerably more than one shillingsworth of pleasure; and in addition you stand a very good chance of winning something which is worth 126 times your outlay. That being so, I need not ask you twice to read and act upon the following conditions:

1. Make an anagram on the words "Do you want a six guinea watch," and send it in by Tuesday, June 25th, together with your name and address.
2. Inclose one shilling to the F.A.F.
3. Mark the envelope "Anagram."

That is all that is necessary. The watches which we are giving are "Silver Keyless English Lever, crystal glass, dome case, chronometer balance, jewelled in eight ruby holes," and I can confidently assert that no one could desire a better timepiece or a more charming present. Each watch is guaranteed by the manufacturers for a period of five years, and is accompanied by a written warranty to that effect.

One of these splendid watches will be given away every week throughout the summer, and successful competitors will find their names beautifully engraved within the cases of the timepieces they have won.

"THERE'S one thing I don't understand," said little Harry: "That's why good-tasting things like pie make me ill, and bad-tasting things like medicine make me well. It ought to be the other way."

A MIDDLE-AGED lady, one day calling on a friend, was much amused at a little girl, aged four years, who, after prattling to her for some little time, asked:

"How old are 'oo, dear?"

The lady, much taken aback at the question, replied:

"How old should you think I am?"

"Well," said the little girl, after several moments of thought, "'oo's rather crumpled; me finks 'oo must be a hundred!"

A LITTLE boy entered a surgery the other day. On his catching sight of the doctor he whispered quietly into his ear:

"Please, sir, mother wants to know is measles catching?"

"Tell your mother of course they are," replied the doctor.

The boy, not being satisfied with this, exclaimed:

"Please, sir, mother wants to know what you will give her to spread 'em about the village? My sister's got 'em awful."

STANLEY (aged four years): "Mamma, please sing that lovely song, called 'The hash is cold.'"

Mamma: "I don't know any song about hash, Stanley. Is it a funny song?"

Stanley: "No, indeed, mamma; it's a 'sorrow song.'"

Mamma: "Well, I can't think what you mean."

(A little later.)

Mamma (sings from "My Dearest Heart"): "The grave is cruel, the grave is cold."

Stanley (excitedly): "That is it, mamma, that is it: But I made a mistake. It wasn't the hash: it was the gravy!"

SEE TOP LINE ABOVE.

THE GREAT D. M. S. LOTTERY

AND THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN IT.

By Joan Barrett.

INTRODUCTION.

The Dead Men's Shoes Club consists of seven members, each of whom pays £1,000 on admittance, the total sum to go to the last survivor. Ximines Pamendez, one of the seven, is overcome by greed for this money, and compasses the death of George Pallister, a fellow-member. Then he succeeds in disposing of Captain Clive Chichester.

No. III.

Part I.

When Ximines Pamendez first became an inmate of an English school, he suffered much at the hands of a certain young tyrant, who in those days had but one ambition in life—to succeed in inspiring unlimited terror in the heart of every little boy in the establishment. Ximines was not such a very small boy, but he was a foreigner. The tyrant looked upon him as legitimate prey, and Ximines fared badly, until Gregory Mordaunt condescended to take him under his protection. Gregory fought the bully, and came out of the contest victorious, and for many a long day Pamendez was grateful, and loved him for coming between his puny body and the blows and kicks with which the tyrant had insulted it.

Gregory was thorough in all that he did. Having emancipated the Armenian lad from ignominious slavery, he took him beneath his wing and taught him, amongst various other school-boy wrinkles, how to defend himself against the bully. Pamendez proved himself an apt pupil, and Gregory grew quite proud of him.

Mordaunt's family lived in Surrey. They were wealthy landowners, simple, honest folks, whose ancestors had tilled their own lands in the time of good Queen Bess, and whose present descendants were not ashamed to make that admission.

When Gregory went home for his holidays, Pamendez accompanied him.

"You see, dad," said Gregory to his father in a confidential undertone, upon the first of these occasions. "I couldn't leave him all alone at old Fishers, could I? It isn't as though he had anybody in England belonging to him, poor old chap, and I knew that you and the mater wouldn't like me not to ask him to spend his vac. with me. He's awfully clever. I don't believe I should ever have passed this exam. if it hadn't been for him."

Squire Mordaunt shook his grizzled head over this last admission of his only son. He had a profound respect for talent of any kind in others, being himself an unlettered man, whose fine library, gathered together by a bookish ancestor, had few charms for him.

The Squire loved a good gallop upon a frosty morning, when the ringing echo of the frozen ground beneath the horses' hoofs seemed to exhilarate both the animal and its rider. In the summer he liked to dawdle upon horseback about his farm, stopping in the woods to chat with the woodmen, or lazily sauntering through the copses where Polly's dainty feet left no impression on the velvet moss-carpet. He knew every bird by its song, and though he could not have told you the names of the wild flowers, he knew their haunts quite as well as Dolly who had taken up botany, and accompanied her father in those delightful desultory rambles. He welcomed Pamendez heartily, and found him a pony and a gun before the lad had been many days at the Manor House. Gregory's friend must be treated as well as Gregory himself.

The Squire often felt quite remorseful because he could not bring himself to like the Armenian. The fearless manner with which the lad mounted his pony, and his capital seat, should have been sufficient to win the Squire's heart, even if he had not Gregory's assurance that his friend was the most clever pupil in the school. But the Squire doubted the lad's sincerity.

"There's something wrong about him," he said to his wife; and Mrs. Mordaunt grew indignant and angry at the mere supposition of there being anything wrong about Gregory's friend.

"Dolly has made you think that," she cried. "She is jealous of Ximines. She does not like him because he takes her brother away from her. Poor child, it is a very natural feeling, but she must try hard to control it, and you must not let such a mere child influence you, dear."

The Squire had not known until that moment that his little daughter shared his antipathy to Pamendez. Nor did her mother know the real reason for Dolly's strong aversion to Gregory's friend.

Dolly had a passionate love for all animals. There was an odd collection of cats, dogs, birds, and rabbits at the Manor House that had all been rescued at different periods from starvation and misery. It was during one of Pamendez's visits, and while Dolly was walking in the woods with the two boys, that she suddenly spied a wretched cat hanging by a cord from the bough of a tree. The struggles of the miserable animal to free itself, had caused the cord to knot itself still tighter round its neck. Dolly arrived only just in time to save its life.

As she gathered the poor, feline wreck in her tender arms, smoothing its scarred head with pitying fingers, Pamendez drew nearer and watched her. The cat, at first absolutely still in the child's hold, began to struggle. Dolly untied her apron and made a bag for her prisoner by knotting the four corners together. It was then, that glancing up, she suddenly became aware of a certain unholy light shining in Pamendez's eyes—a fierce, cruel expression such as she had frequently seen in the eyes of the village boys, when the rascals were gloating over the torment that they were causing some unfortunate and helpless creature.

"It's bound to die," said Pamendez. "See, it's leg's broken."

As he spoke he caught hold of the cat through the apron. The animal gave a loud howl that might easily have been caused by fright, and the recollection of its former awful experience. But Dolly chose to think that Pamendez had wilfully injured it. She walked home, followed by the two boys, with her small head held very high, and her big heart overflowing with indignation against Gregory's friend.

Now, the cat was an awful specimen of its kind—bony, half-starved, and with rough, patchy, dull fur that was a disgrace to any self-respecting tabby—but Dolly saw only a poor sufferer whose forlorn condition called for her love and sympathy. She fed the cat with spoonfuls of warm milk, Gregory and Pamendez watching her in grinning silence. Just as Dolly had wrapped her invalid in an old shawl, and had placed her in a disused rabbit-hutch well in the sun, her governess's voice was heard calling her in for a music lesson. Dolly turned instinctively to Pamendez.

"You won't hurt her, will you?" she said, in her anxiety for her *protégé*.

Pamendez promised, and Dolly went away secure and tranquil. Gregory had never broken his word yet, and Dolly judged Pamendez by her brother's standard.

But while she was having her music lesson that peculiarly cruel expression in Pamendez's eyes haunted her. It was in vain that she chid herself for her lack of faith in Gregory's friend, and when a loud and prolonged cat-yell of agony fell upon her ears, Dolly rushed from the room and outdoors to the rabbit-hutch. It was empty. A smothered burst of laughter from the direction of the kitchen garden made her turn her footsteps in that direction. She never forgot the sight that met her eyes. A fire of sticks, paper, and dry leaves was blazing merrily beneath a wall, and above the flames, suspended from a cord in a staple driven into the wall, hung, writhing convulsively, the wretched cat. Gregory and a garden-boy were enjoying the sight of its contortions, while Pamendez piled fuel upon the fire.

Dolly never remembered quite what happened. She had a faint recollection of a scorching pain upon her wrists, and of the garden-boy taking the dying cat away from her. Gregory's ashamed, half-scared face stood out strong in her memory. But it was upon Pamendez that she turned in furious indignation.

"Don't tell dad," Gregory had pleaded, anxious to save his friend from everlasting disgrace in the Squire's eyes. He knew quite well that his father would never forgive a broken promise coupled with such barbarous cruelty.

Pamendez had made no remark. But Dolly always remembered the hatred and cowardly anxiety depicted in his pale face.

"Don't split, Dolly, don't!" implored Gregory again.

Pamendez tried to laugh, as he shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Girls are always tell-tales," said he, with a sneering laugh.

Hot anger dried up the tears in Dolly's eyes. Her lips ceased to tremble.

"I shall not tell dad," she said, brokenly, "because Gregory—loves you."

And as she turned away, trying hard to swallow the tears that were again springing into her sweet, childish eyes, Gregory, ashamed of his own passive participation in the torture of the cat, but intensely anxious to ease Pamendez's mind, and to clear Dolly from the suspicion of being a tell-tale, looked Pamendez steadily in the eyes as he said:

"It's all right. Dolly always keeps her word."

Part II.

Dolly was thinking of the cat episode as she sat beneath the big cedars upon the lawn, waiting for the arrival of Gregory and his friend from a long tramp over the heather.

Possibly the presence of a beautiful, sleek tortoise-shell cat, basking in the generous September sunshine, had helped to recall to her memory the cruel, cowardly action of which Pamendez had been guilty, perhaps she had only to think of Gregory's friend to remember how barbarously he had once behaved sixteen years ago.

"Mother loved him," said Dolly to herself, "and he is Gregory's dearest friend."

She sighed, glancing down at her black gown worn in memory of the gentle little mother who had followed the Squire to his last resting-place in the old churchyard. Dolly could never quite understand why Gregory loved Pamendez with the peculiar deep affection that knits men of entirely different dispositions and characters together.

"He *must* be good!" she said, wistfully. "I wish I could like him!"

A big collie nestling comfortably upon the edge of her sombre skirts raised his fine head and growled. Pamendez was crossing the lawn.

"S—hush, Dandy," whispered Dolly, reprovingly.

She cast an apologetic look at Pamendez as he joined her. Dandy was still growling in the subdued manner of a dog who is aware that his grumbling is not approved.

"Dandy is like most old dogs," she said. "His temper has not improved with age."

Pamendez smiled. But he made no attempt to conciliate the animal. He remembered certain occasions upon which he had failed completely.

"Dandy is jealous of me," said he, taking a chair opposite Dolly. "He need not be. If he were a wise creature he would know that his mistress shares his antipathy to me."

Dolly flushed. Her startled eyes sought Pamendez's, only to fall in swift confusion to the ground. The man was looking at her with an odd, half-smiling, half-vexed expression upon his dark, handsome face.

"It is strange," he continued, very softly, "that Gregory should love me, while you, to whom your brother is everything in the world, cannot bear the sight of me; ah, pardon," as she tried to interrupt him. "Let me speak out frankly just this once. I shall never offend you again. The day after to-morrow I am going away. Must I take with me the recollection of your enmity or not?"

He had drawn his chair closer to the little figure in the black gown, and Dandy signified his disapproval of the proceeding by laying back his ears and growling.

Dolly raised her eyes, looking at Pamendez bravely.

"There is no question of enmity between us," said she. "To me you will always be Gregory's friend."

"And nothing more?"

The startled expression in Dolly's face deepened. The pink colour in her pretty cheeks turned to carmine.

"I don't understand you," she said, a little petulantly. "Gregory's friends are my friends"—her conscience smote her, telling her in a low voice that to her this man had never been her friend. "I—I—try to think in that way of you," she added, honestly.

"And you find it difficult. I wonder why it is?"

She did not know herself. All that she knew was that this man with his sleepy, heavy-lidded eyes, cruel mouth, and slow movements filled her with an indescribable shrinking, an unexplained sensation of repugnance.

"Sometimes," said Pamendez. "Dislike has been known to change into love." He paused. There was no mistaking that proud, almost indignant movement of the girl's small head. "And again," he continued, with the long lines widening in his cheeks, "it frequently develops into hatred."

Her head was lowered now. The crimson flush had crept down to the collar of her dress.

"Oh, Dolly!" exclaimed Pamendez, passionately. "For heaven's sake try to like me a little! You—cannot tell what it means to me!"

His lips were dry. The veins in his temples stood out like knotted cords. Ximines Pamendez had never prayed so fervently in his life for any object as he was now praying that this girl might be induced to take pity upon him, and to believe that the dearest hope of his heart was to succeed in winning her love.

"It is Gregory's wish," he said, as she remained silent. "He would like us to become man and wife."

"Oh, never, never!" cried Dolly. She had risen from her seat and faced him, remorse at thus causing him pain mingling with the keen aversion she experienced at the mere idea of becoming this man's wife. "It is quite impossible! Gregory must be mad to dream of such a thing!"

Pamendez bit his lips.

"Gregory was not more mad than I," said he, sadly. "Heaven knows I was presumptuous enough to hope that you might in time regard me with very different eyes. I am not a vain man, and your manner has given me small ground for building such a hope upon; but a man in love is not a reasoning creature. Is it quite impossible that at some future——?"

She interrupted him with a swift gesture.

"No, no; there is no hope!"

"You will not even try to love me—not even for Gregory's sake?" asked Pamendez. His voice trembled with anxiety; Dolly little guessed how much depended upon her reply.

"A love that must be forced into life cannot be worth accepting," said Dolly, tremulously. "And—and—even if I tried to—love you, I could never succeed!"

A sensation of shame swept over her.

"Why can't I put my refusal into prettier words?" she thought to herself. "How awful it must be for him to hear me say that I cannot bring myself to like him!"

Pamendez clenched his hand. The despair in the man's face was unfeigned.

"Can I say nothing that may induce you to alter your decision?" he began.

There was small hope in his voice. He was prepared for her answer.

"Nothing."

And as he turned away with the crushed air of a man who had come out beaten from a great ordeal, Dolly added, almost humbly, "I am very sorry, very sorry indeed!"

"You will be more sorry before long," Pamendez said, savagely, to himself, with his pulses beating quicker in anger against her. "I have done my best. The consequences of your refusal will fall upon your own head."

Had Dolly been able to read the black, revengeful thoughts smouldering in the Armenian's heart her brave spirit would have quailed in terror both for herself and for Gregory.

* * * * *

"Look here, old man," cried Gregory, stooping to gather a little spray of pale purple heather. "Just you stay on a week or two longer, and try your luck again. All women can be talked over if a fellow only cares to talk long and often. Dolly's like the rest of 'em."

"Her firm refusal has left me no hope whatever of my ability to win her for my wife. She does not like me. Let us talk of something else," said Pamendez, shortly.

Gregory was silent, chewing the thin stem of the heather between his strong, white teeth.

"Then it's the 9.50 to-morrow morning, I suppose," said he, after a pause. "And good-bye to you until I run up to the city. I shall come up for the meeting of the Dead Men's Shoes Fellows on the 10th."

He spoke carelessly. Pamendez started, a deadly pallor creeping into his thin cheeks. His eyes cast a strained, furtive glance at the handsome young man at his side.

"You'll come up?" said he, hoarsely. "Yes, yes, of course you will. Ah!—look—there's a bird rising!"

Gregory fired, and a bird fell fluttering almost at his feet. He picked it up and dropped it in his bag. Its slight struggling annoyed Pamendez. With an impatient movement he inserted his hand in the bag and wrung the bird's neck. There was a drop of blood upon his fingers when he drew them out again.

"We were seven when we first started," said Gregory, "and now we are only five. I say, I often wonder who'll be the next man to drop out!"

Pamendez made no answer. He was staring at the blood-drop upon his shapely hand.

"An omen!" thought he to himself. "Who can resist Destiny?"

He shivered, glancing again at the man who had befriended him since those days when they had been schoolmates together. A miserable sensation of indecision stole over him.

"If his sister had married me I should never have

With the above short introduction No. 3 of the great D. M. S. Lottery forms a complete story in itself of more than ordinary interest.

troubled myself about the infernal lottery," he thought. "Her fortune would have made me despise a miserable eight thousand pounds."

"I suppose," Gregory said, and as though divining the idea running in the Armenian's mind, "that we are much richer now, hey?"

"George Pallister's death enriched us to the extent of one thousand, and we have the interest on Chichester's money with an odd hundred or so, retained by the members when he sold out," answered Pamendez, curtly.

Gregory nodded.

"And as we each paid in a thousand a-piece when the affair was started," said he, "we have now eight thousand and some hundreds in the Tontine. In fifteen years that amount will be doubled. The last surviver, if he lives over that period will come into a nice little lump of money."

Pamendez frowned.

"How he talks of the lottery," he thought. "What possesses him to-day?"

A second bird rose. Gregory missed fire.

"I wish you'd brought your gun, old man," he said, in a vexed tone. "Our bag won't be worth taking home."

The path through the small copse was getting narrower, the intrusive heather spread wider and wider. All around the two men stretched the purple-coloured hills, and below ran the winding river, with the village nestling on its banks.

"I am tired," said Pamendez. "Let's rest a bit."

Gregory laid down his gun, and threw himself out at full length on the short grass.

"What a sky!" he murmured, joyously. "What a heavenly day! I *do* pity you, old man, fagging away in the city. Just think of all that you miss."

Pamendez had picked up the gun. It was charged. He replaced it upon the grass, and looked at Gregory.

"Have you ever noticed," asked Gregory, "how full the earth is of wee mites of creatures? And they all seem so jolly important and busy, too! Here's a fat, black ant running at the rate of a mile a minute with a lump of something or the other."

A little dancing blue butterfly, the very colour of the sky above it, rested a moment upon Gregory's hand. He turned a merry, happy face over his shoulder, and smiled at Pamendez.

"I say," he said, "I'm not a religious kind of chap, but being alive and in good health upon such a glorious day as this, makes one feel grateful to Providence, doesn't it?"

The butterfly came coquetting back again, bringing with her a black and white friend for Gregory to admire. It was then that Pamendez's hand stole out towards the gun.

"Full in the face," he whispered to himself. "An accidental discharge with his own gun, and there will only remain four men in the lottery."

"And the colour of the heather," murmured Gregory, "I love it!"

"Gregory!" called Pamendez, imperatively. His hand did not tremble. As Gregory turned in response to that call, Pamendez fired full in his face.

(*No. IV. next week.*)

A WRITER thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "beau," the proper way of spelling potatoes is "poughteighteaux."

"How inattentive you are, John?" said the would-be considerate hostess to the son of the house. "You really must look after Mr. Brown. He's helping himself to everything."

Brown, who, if somewhat shy, is conscious of a very healthy appetite, looks rather discomfited.

AN elderly woman, evidently just from the country, stood in the middle of the cable tram lines at Brixton the other day steadily gazing northwards. She was certainly not familiar with the city or its ways. A cable car was rapidly approaching behind her. The old lady shouted to a street urchin:

"Little boy, where can I get a Tooting tram?"

"You'll get it in the back pretty soon if you don't get out of the way," replied the gamin as he dodged a tram rapidly bowling along.

WIBBLE: "I hear that young Jinx has broken his engagement with Miss Flyer."

Wabble: "Yes; and it's odd the way it happened, too. You see, he left a phonograph at the house, so she could whisper a 'good night' into it just before she turned out the gas, and send it to him through the post. Quite romantic, you see. Well, you see, in the excitement of the affair, she forgot to shut the machine off, and he not only received her words, but a large and varied assortment of snores that had accumulated while she was asleep."

A CERTAIN regiment stationed in Belfast was mustered in the Ormeau Park for inspection, and was standing awaiting the arrival of their colonel. Presently the commanding officer was seen approaching on horseback, but when a few paces from the troops, the horse (which had been hired for the day) stood stock still, and refused to move. The officer made a desperate effort to urge on his steed, but all to no purpose. Before long a group of bystanders encircled him, and one of them, a ragged urchin, suddenly cried out to his chum:

"I say, Bill, run and ring the park bell; it's a tram-car horse."

This was enough for the colonel, who at once dismounted.

ROYALTY ON THE RAILS.

IT may not be generally known that a telegraphist always travels by "royal trains." In case of any mishap a ladder is placed against the nearest telegraph post, and a wire tied or connected with an instrument which the telegraph clerk works, while sitting on the bank.

By this means word can be at once sent to the nearest railway station giving instructions that assistance must be sent at once to such and such a spot.

When a train with the sovereign on board is travelling, all the men in responsible positions along the line are forewarned. Once on the Brighton line a trial was made. The royal train was stopped, and the telegraphist sent word in the way just described. The result was most satisfactory, and the royal personage was well pleased at the promptitude with which a relief party arrived from a place some miles distant.

VERY MUCH OUT OF PLACE.

No limit has ever been found to the uses of a small boy's pocket. One day at school a little girl put up her hand to attract attention.

"Teacher, Johnny's got a caterpillar?"

Johnny was of course called to the desk, made to surrender the cherished possession, and sent to his seat with a reprimand. In about two minutes the same small hand waved in the air again, and the same small voice complained:

"Teacher, Johnny's got another caterpillar!"

A second surrender of the caterpillar and a second admonition followed.

Hardly had silence once more settled over the room, when a frantic waving of the hand was followed by a perfect shriek of dismay:

"Teacher, Johnny's got a whole pocketful of caterpillars!"

This time the teacher's dismay equalled her pupil's, and Johnny was promptly sent home with his brood of strange pets.

THE GREATEST EDITOR IN THE WORLD.

THE Russian censorship is the greatest editor in the world, and is a thing of many departments. One of them is the censorship of the Holy Synod, which watches over religious matters, and tries to prevent the publication or introduction into the country of books or printed matter likely to injure the interest of the Orthodox Greek Church.

Some years ago a French scientist published a monograph on mushrooms, in which he maintained that all mushrooms were poisonous. This book was prohibited by the censor of the Holy Synod on the ground that, as mushrooms were the staple food of the Russian peasantry during the numerous fasts of the Church, it would be detrimental to the best interests of religion to publish anything that might bring this article of food into discredit.

The press censorship is arbitrary and peculiar. Most papers are allowed to print what they like without control, but if they print anything that displeases the Government they are notified of the fact, and receive what is called a first warning.

This warning may be accompanied with suspension for a definite period—a week, a month, or a year. That, of course, means a heavy fine, for a paper that is unable to earn any money on the capital it has invested for a given time loses heavily. It has to keep up its staff although it cannot do any business. Its expenses go on, but its receipts are stopped. Then advertisers lose confidence in a paper that gets warned.

After a paper has been warned three times it may no longer appear. Thus the GOLOS has ceased to be. Yet such is the irrepressibility of the newspaper man in Russia that it is safe to say that there is not a big Russian paper published at the present day which has not had its second warning.

Some papers may not be printed without previously submitting all their proofs for the approval of the censor. This causes delay, and is, of course, very irksome. There is a daily paper in Tiflis which appears only twice a year owing to the distance of Tiflis from the central censorship at St. Petersburg, to which every number of the paper must be submitted before it can be published.

Theoretically, no foreign newspapers are admitted into Russia. The only person who is entitled by law to receive foreign periodicals is His Majesty the Emperor. He has what is called his list. By great graciousness His Majesty has made a present of this list to the country. People may subscribe through the post-office, and obtain the papers on the imperial list, but no others, and a foreign paper that presumes too much on the toleration of His Majesty is likely to be struck from the list.

The DAILY TELEGRAPH, for instance, met this fate years ago, and since then copies of that paper cannot be obtained in Russia, nor is the paper allowed to have a correspondent there. It has one, all the same, but his position is risky and not recognised.

GO NICELY WITH ROAST CAPTIVES.

WAR is a frightful thing under all circumstances, and some of the most dreadful wars have been waged on the most flimsy and foolish pretext, even if they had a pretext at all; but probably no stranger reason for war or peace was ever recorded than has been noted by a French governor of the South Pacific colony of New Caledonia.

This governor, who was also an admiral of the navy, assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumours of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief who was faithful to the French cause, and questioned him as to their truth.

"You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are not yet ripe."

"The yams, you say?"

"Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe."

"Why is that?"

"Because baked yams go so very well with the captives!"

EATING SALT TOGETHER.

AMONG the Orientals of the present day, as among the ancients, every meal that includes salt has a sacred character and creates a guest-friendship between the participants. Hence the Arab phrase, "There is salt between us," meaning that the parties, having eaten salt together, are united in friendship.

The late John MacGregor, while canoeing in the *Rob Roy* on the Jordan, encountered a hostile Arab sheikh who was not disposed to let the canoeist visit Lake Huleh, the main object of his voyage. MacGregor, being a canny Scot, resorted to a stratagem to make the sheikh eat salt with him, and, as a consequence, "there being salt between them," help him on his way.

A mob of Arabs, dashing into the river and surrounding the canoe, had lifted it and its occupant out of the water, and carried him into the presence of the sheikh.

As no one had offered the canoeist any food—a neglect which was ominous—he rigged up his apparatus for cooking, and asked for cold water. It was brought, and in a few minutes the little boiler, heated by a small lamp, was steaming away with a merry, hissing sound, that attracted the Arabs to see it. Cutting thin slices of preserved beef soup, he dropped them into the boiling water, and then opening his salt-cellar—a snuff-box—he poured a little of the contents into his hand and offered a pinch to the sheikh.

He had never before seen salt so white—the Arabs salt is like our black pepper—and thinking it sugar, took some from the open hand and put it on his tongue. Instantly MacGregor ate the rest of the salt, and with a laughing shout thumped the outwitted sheikh on the backbone.

"What is it?" asked the Arabs.

"Is it sukker?" (sugar).

"*La Melah!*" (No, it's salt!) he answered, demurely, knowing that he and the Englishman were now bound by the tie of guest-friendship, and that he must assist him on his way. They had eaten salt together, and in his own tent, and so he had entered into "a covenant of salt."

BABY choked in his sleep one day,
Only a harmless choke, 'twould seem,
But Marjorie settled it in her way—
"I 'spect," she said, "he swallowed a dream."

MACK: "Was the girl Hibee married considered a good match?"

Robins: "I imagine so. She fires up at the least provocation."

Two old women were standing at the back of the hall at an election, listening to the speeches, when the crowd suddenly burst into laughter at something which had been said upon the platform, and one of the old women clapped her hands, and cried:

"Eh, Mary, that wur a good 'un."

"What wur it, Matty?" inquired her friend.

"Nay," replied she, "I don't know what it wur; but somebody's catch't it hot!"

FOUR MORE INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

THE claims sent in by Mr. T. L. Smith, 8, Montagne Place, Poplar; Mr. S. Hunter, Delamere Terrace, Paddington; Mr. G. May, 6, Crimscott Street, Bermondsey; Mr. T. Hassell, 405, Kingsland Road, London, N.E., have been satisfactorily settled by the OCEAN COMPANY.

NOW ON SALE. PART VIII. of FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES. It contains sixteen charming full-page photographs of leading actors and actresses, and is quite as beautifully reproduced as the preceding seven parts.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2517. Of what does the Food of the Humming Bird Consist?

It was at one time supposed that humming birds lived entirely on the sweet juices of plants, but investigation has placed it beyond doubt that they are, at all events partly, insectivorous; some which have been kept in confinement on sugar and water, of which they have partaken with great eagerness, have, after a while, drooped, and refused this kind of food, but have returned to it with as much relish as ever after enjoying a change of diet in the shape of young spiders or other small insects. The tongue is protrusible and consists of two cylindrical tubes, opening towards the point and forming two sheaths which contain the extensile portion, and are capable of separation thereby facilitating the extraction, of not only the honey, but also of the small insects, which have been attracted to feed upon it, from the nectaries of flowers.

2518. How can Pansies of a Vivid Metallic Green be Produced?

If ordinary pansies be immersed for a few seconds in a dilute solution of etherealised ammonia, the violet part gradually changes to a vivid metallic green, the shading of colour exactly corresponding to that of the original violet. When a pencil of white light falls on an object certain of its rays are absorbed, while others are reflected. The latter, on reaching the eye, give an impression known as "colour." What rays are absorbed depends on the chemical constitution of the substance. In the common or garden pansy, the violet rays are, for the main part, alone reflected; but the ammonia, acting chemically upon its texture, sets free also the yellow rays, and these, blending with the blue, convey the impression known as "green." It will be observed that the yellow point which exists in the centre of these flowers remains unaffected by the ammonia. If the solution used be dilute, the pansy will not wither any more quickly than under ordinary circumstances.

2519. To what Extent does the Pulse of the Average Man Differ in Different Parts of the World?

From 40 to 140. The pulse records the undulations of the blood as it passes through the arteries; the normal rate of the pulse in Englishmen is about 72 beats a minute in man, and 80 in woman. But this rule is varied by conditions of temperature, health, barometric pressure, and the height of the individual. The taller races of mankind, such as the Teutonic, have a slower pulse than the smaller races; thus the pulse of the Andaman islander, the smallest race on the globe, is about 40 beats faster than that of the Englishman. In a hot climate and in the tropics the pulse rises under a temperature of 106 degrees Fahrenheit to as much as 140 beats a minute—almost exactly double the normal. In cold climates it descends to 40 or 50 beats a minute. Likewise, when barometric pressure increases the pulse becomes slower. Dr. Frankland, with a normal pulse of 60, noticed that on Mont Blanc it reached 120 degrees, while Mr. Conway, in climbing the Himalayas, found his pulse 48 degrees at a point 20,000 feet high, and at the highest point he reached—about 23,000 feet—it was 96.

2520. In which Country is it Considered most Derogatory to be the Recipient of Alms?

In every community there are some only too ready to live in idleness, and some may be found everywhere who are ready to receive alms. But in Norway and Sweden it is a rare thing to find any who will willingly accept assistance. Every section of the community appears to be exceedingly proud, and notably the nobles. Hence many of this class are very poor, yet so great in their pride, and so absurd are their notions as to what may compromise their personal dignity, that as a class they repudiate all commercial pursuits, and tolerate penury rather than make an effort to relieve themselves by means which their false ideas proclaim to be derogatory. This feeling of pride spreads throughout all the ranks—a pride which will not permit the people to take alms. Practically speaking, there are no poor in Scandinavia. The peasants—the lowest of the orders—possess land to a great value in the aggregate; indeed, they are all landowners. In no country, as in Norway, is equality so much a reality. The postillion looks upon his fare as no better than himself; the peasant rather looks down than up to his government, being proprietor of his own piece of land. Hence it is impossible to make a good servant out of a Norwegian, and it is disgraceful to receive alms. Indeed, many of the peasant families in Norway—where we should look for persons willing to receive alms, if anywhere—have their coats of arms like the landed gentry with us. It is the pride in their ancestors—the famous Norsemen—that has constituted them the most aristocratic democracy in the world.

2521. What Individual has Contributed most Largely to the Happiness of the Civilised World?

The terms of the question, referring to positive "happiness," shuts out those great benefactors of mankind, the discoverers of anæsthetics, who have given the negative boon of relief from suffering. And we cannot connect happiness, in any marked degree, with the majority of the scientific devices which have so largely extended our ease and opportunities. Happiness is so much more a matter of the heart and the character, that the greatest benefactor will be he who has done most to develop them in the right direction. Art, literature, the influence of mind upon mind, here is the domain wherein we must seek the answer we want. Probably no invention has done so much for our happiness as that of printing, and the individual who has contributed most largely to it is the inventor of this art, whether Koster, Fust, or the German Gothenburg; to him the world owes at least two-thirds of its intellectual happiness.

2522. Which Period of History has been the Favourite of Great Writers of Romance?

Setting aside all works dealing with life in the present day, there is little question that the favourite period of history of great writers of romance has been the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that being the period of the later and best days of chivalry. We have, for instance, such standard works as Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," George Eliot's "Romola," Bulwer Lytton's "Rienzi" and "The Last of the Barons," Miss Jane Porter's "The Scottish Chiefs," Conan Doyle's "The White Company," Davenant's "Hubert Ellis." Martin Tupper wrote "Stephen Langton," a story of King John's days, and Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" is of the same date. G. P. R. James's "Agincourt" represents, like the others, the early days of the period, so also does Scott's "Talisman," "Abbot," etc. As for the later portion, more distinctly the fifteenth century, besides Reade's and Eliot's work and "Rienzi," we have Scott's "Quentin Durward," Harrison Ainsworth's "Constable de Bourbon," James's "Richelieu," Dumas' "Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" and "Marguerite de Valois." Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame," Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" and "The House of the Wolf" also belong to the same historic epoch.

2523. Why does an Uninjured Dog sometimes Run on Three Legs?

It is apparently one of those habitual movements of which there are many instances in animals where the original significance of the act is lost but which still remains associated with some state of mind that calls it forth. The habit which most dogs have of turning round and round before settling down on a carpet or hard floor is a case in point. Of course, the original purpose was obviously to make a comfortable bed in the grass or other yielding substance, but the habit has become an instinct and acts where it is of no possible utility. The habit of running on three legs was doubtless at first acquired to protect an injured limb, and this precautionary act for a special purpose gradually became a general one whenever watchfulness was necessary. We see it in an exaggerated form in the trained pointer and setter, but many dogs, when either watching the approach of another dog, or anxious to slip away unobserved, double up one leg, apparently with the idea that by moving on three legs they best escape notice.

2524. Has the Sagacity of the Lower Animals ever Materially Altered the Course of History?

The intelligence of the carrier pigeon has, on more than one occasion, made the bird a medium for carrying dispatches which would otherwise have remained unsent, and which have had the effect of turning the tide of a decisive battle, but only so far as this invaluable instinct can be called sagacity can the question receive an affirmative reply. Herodotus, however, tells a strange story of the manner in which Darius obtained the Empire of the Persians through the agency of a trick-horse. It had been decided among six Persians, who had consulted together how they might appoint a king out of their number, that he whose horse should be the first to neigh in the suburbs at sunrise should be acknowledged sovereign. Darius thereupon had an interview with his groom, and at dawn of day as the six competitors for supreme power rode out together, the horse on which Darius was riding suddenly ran forward at a given sign and neighed. Some years later, when his power was established, Darius erected a statue of a man on horseback, and underneath was written: "Darius, son of Hystaspes, by the sagacity of his horse and by the address of Oebares, his groom, obtained the empire of the Persians." Had Darius never succeeded to the throne of Persia, the history of the whole world would have been affected.

2525. Would Compulsory Military Service be Beneficial to this Country?

No. There would be certain advantages, but they would undoubtedly be overbalanced by the serious drawbacks entailed by a compulsory system. It is true that military service might result in a better average physique, and a certain benefit must accrue where discipline is insisted upon. But on the other hand, while compulsory military service is needful in Continental countries, it would be a needless waste of national money and energy in this "sea-girt isle." The chances of invasion are so small, that the Volunteer system, allied with our vast navy, assures the safety of Britain. Moreover, compulsory military service inevitably results in the withdrawal of skilled labour, and affords no adequate recompense beyond a feeling of greater security, which, in the case of England, is quite at the minimum. Undoubtedly, too, there is a financial loss in the maintenance of so large a body of men under arms, adding to taxation. The money thus lost is augmented incalculably by the loss of wages. The citizens training in camp are decidedly poorer in consequence, and having less to spend, the loss goes on to the shop-keepers also, and so on throughout the commercial world. From this standpoint of economy, the adoption of the compulsory military system would have a damaging effect upon the financial status of England, increasing taxation, while at the same time lowering the earning capacity, and lessening the people's trade.

2530. Is the Proverbial Cunning of the Serpent Borne out by Actual Facts?

No. The superstitious stories of the subtlety of the snake, which are common to almost every nation, are merely the outcome of fear and ignorance. Of intelligent cunning the reptile has little or none. The reputation of the serpent is a relic of the olden days, when men worshipped serpents as emblems of death and destruction, and the belief in the wisdom and power "left its impress on the minds of many generations, thanks to tradition, a peculiar symbolical architecture and ignorance of natural history." The habits of the snake are no doubt sufficient to account for the peculiar powers with which they have been credited. Owen declares that serpents "can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the zebra, outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger. Yet, withal, without limbs." The fact, too, that having no eyelids they appear ever awake, may have had something to do with the fact that the serpent is universally regarded as the embodiment of watchfulness and tireless trickery; although, as a matter of fact, the reptile is, to no small extent, dull, lethargic, and stupid. A well-authenticated case, however, may be mentioned where a tame snake, taken away a distance of two miles in a closed box, found its way back to its own home.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2551. Which individual has attained the greatest popularity in the easiest manner?

2552. Which nursery rhyme refers to the most important historical event?

2553. What is the origin of the Highland dress?

2554. Which monarch in history has ruled over the greatest number of modern European kingdoms by right of succession?

2555. What is the most magnificent gift ever given by a subject to a sovereign?

2556. Is it true that slugs are more abundant after a severe winter?

2557. Which has been the most serious historical example of the neglect of the proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine"?

2558. What is the most peculiar instance of friendship springing up between two animals of totally different kinds of natures?

2559. Which great city is best supplied with water, in proportion to its population?

2560. Of what use in nature is the scent of flowers?

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R. J. PAULL, *General Manager & Secretary*

The habitual reader of P.W. knows my natural modesty, and will therefore take it merely as a plain statement of fact when I declare that I spend a quarter of an hour sometimes in obliging autograph collectors. Notice is hereby given that the editorial autograph will in future be disposed of for the ridiculously small sum of 2s. 6d., which money will go to swell the Fresh Air Fund.

WHERE THE JAM POTS GROW.

You may talk about your groves,
Where you wander with your loves;
You may talk about your moonlit waves that fall and flow;
Something fairer far than these
I can show you if you please;
'Tis the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam pots grow!
'Tis the dearest spot to me,
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

There the golden peaches shine,
In their syrup clear and fine;
And the raspberries are blushing with a dusky glow;
And the cherry and the plum
Seem to beckon me to come
To the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

There the sprightly pickles stand,
With the catsup close at hand,
And the marmalades and jellies in a goodly row;
And the quinces' ruddy fire
Would an anchorite inspire
To seek the little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

Never tell me of your bowers
Full of insects, smells, and flowers!
Never tell me of your meadows where the breezes blow!
But sing me, if you will,
Of the house upon the hill,
And the darling little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

CHORUS.

Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jam pots grow,
Where the jelly jolly, jelly jolly jam pots grow!
'Tis the dearest spot to me,
On the land or on the sea,
Is the charming little cupboard where the jam pots grow.

TEA-LOVING INSECTS.

EVERY animal and plant has its parasite, and from this general law, it seems, the tea-plant is not exempt. Two insects are described as spending their lives in tea-drinking. They are the plague of the Assam tea-gardens, and are known as the "tea-bug" and "tea-mite."

The mites spend their entire lives on the tea plant, and are never known to attack any other leaf. They live in families and societies on the upper side of the full-grown leaf, and spin a delicate web for a shelter. They then puncture the leaves, and pump out the liquid in the plant-veins.

They seem to become very dainty in their tastes, for a sprinkling of muddy water over their floor and tea-table is the only remedy known to check their ravages. Even this is not always effectual.

The tea-bug is still more destructive, and is evidently possessed of an appreciation of the best kinds of tea, since it always attacks those of a mild and delicate flavour. Such as afford harsh and rasping liquors are almost entirely free from its attacks.

MUTILATED TITLES.

A SUCCESSFUL bookseller should be a mind-reader. People ask for books by the queerest mutilated titles. A dealer in books says:

"One of the most mutilated titles is that of 'The Heavenly Twins.' For instance, it is common to have it called 'The Twin Angels,' 'The Heavenly Prodigals,' 'The Blue Angels,' or 'The Heavenly Angels.'

"The other day a man came in and asked for 'The Travelling Hebrew!' When I told him I thought he meant, 'The Wandering Jew,' he began to laugh and said:

"'Well, I was sure he was on the move, anyway!'

"Not long ago a lady came in and quietly asked if we had 'Two Boats which went by in the Dark;' she was not in the least abashed when I handed her 'Ships That Pass in the Night.'

"One of the most common bulls in a book-shop is that which people make when they ask for a pocket edition of 'Webster's Unabridged,' or 'The Bible with both the Old and New Testament in it.'

"Not long ago a young man came in and asked for that 'horse-book.' We named a lot of treatises on horses, but he said, 'it wasn't them.'

"We were then compelled to confess our ignorance, when he explained, 'Well, my gov'nor didn't exactly tell me it was a horse-book, but he told me to ask for "The Horse with Seven Stables!"'

"We gave him 'The House of the Seven Gables,' with the privilege of returning it if it was not the right one. The book never came back."

A GOOD FEED.

IF your appetite for really good stories is keen, let me recommend to you the issue of SHORT STORIES published on Tuesday, June 18th. Amongst the dainty morsels there provided for your digestion are the opening instalments of a grand new serial story, entitled "THE OUTLAWS' TREASURE," with numerous illustrations by Mr. A. Kemp Tebby; "THE DOOM OF LONDON," by Robert Barr, the well-known novelist, with illustrations by Miss Inez Warry; "THE SUPREME SACRIFICE," and other absorbing stories.

All of them are easily digestible, and will agree with the most fastidious of mortals.

If your hunger for stories is not satisfied by the outlay of one penny a week on SHORT STORIES, I can offer further provision in the shape of our monthly novel, PEARSON'S LIBRARY, No. 9, entitled "A BITTER INHERITANCE," now on sale, price sixpence. Do not be backward. A second helping on behalf of your friends (contrary to all rules of school-picnics) is allowed.

WHAT A COIN DID.

A COIN is in itself a history. There was once a lost city which owes its place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told us that at Pandosia King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he overran Italy, and that he established a mint there, but no one could put their finger on Pandosia.

Eight years ago a coin came under the sharp eyes of a numismatist. There were the letters Pandosia inscribed on it, but, what was better, there was an emblem indicative of a well-known river—the Crathis. Then everything was revealed with as much certainty as if the piece of money had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position in Brutium.

Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a shilling, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia, was worth to the British Museum £200, the price they paid for it.

A CALM, COOL MAN.

MR JOHN MORRISON, a successful commercial traveller, has spent a great part of his career in hotels, and one of his theories has been that the mind can be so trained that a hotel fire ought not to distract the reasoning faculties when presence of mind is needed. He impressed his theory strongly upon Mrs. Morrison by instructing her how to act if they were ever in a hotel that was on fire.

He and his wife were aroused from their slumbers one night by an alarm. The hotel in which they had their rooms was on fire, and there was great confusion and tumult among the guests.

"Now is the time to put into practice what I have always preached to you, my dear," said the gentleman. "Don't get excited. Put on all your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me."

He calmed Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his pocket, put on his hat, and walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the burning building into the street.

"Now, my dear," he said, when they were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing it is to keep cool, and act with a deliberate purpose in an emergency like this? Here you are dressed, and over yonder are several ladies in complete *dishabille*."

Just then Mrs. Morrison for the first time glanced at her husband. "You are right, John," she said, "it is a grand thing to keep cool and act deliberately, but if I had been you I would have stayed in the room long enough to put on my trousers."

THE New Zealand papers notice an amusing instance of the manner in which colonial railway trains are sometimes stopped. The engine-driver of a fast express, noticing a lady waving her hand at a siding where the train was not due to pull up, as if she wished to "get on board," stopped the train only to discover that the lady wanted to know if any passenger had change for a £1 note.

THE boy stood on the back yard fence, whence all but him had fled. The flames that lit his father's barn, shone just above the shed. Ten Chinese crackers in his hand, and twenty in his hat, with piteous accent loud he cried, "I never thought of that!" Some other crackers to the tail of a small dog he'd tied. The sparks flew wide and red and hot, they lit upon the brat; they fired the crackers in his hand, and lit those in his hat. Then came the burst of rattling sound—the boy, where was he gone? Ask of the winds that far around strewed bits of meat and bone and scraps of clothes and balls and top and nails and books and yarn and relics of that dreadful boy that burned his father's barn.

FROM SLUM TO SUNSHINE.

BY GEO. R. SIMS.

THE FRESH AIR FUND! What a delightful sound it has. What pictures it conjures up. We fling our windows wide on a fresh summer morning to let in the fresh air. When we are weary and jaded in our town houses, and complain to the doctor, he says, "Fresh air, my dear sir or madam—get out into the fresh air."

One of the six golden rules of healthy living is "Breathe fresh air day and night." And if we who are well-to-do, who live in the broad street and the great square, where the sun can shine and the birds can sing and the flowers can grow, feel again and again that to get the zest of life, to have the glow of health, we must get out into the fresh air, what must be the meaning of it to the thousands of little ones who in our great cities pass their young lives where never a breath of God's pure sweet air can penetrate?

When I first heard of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's FRESH AIR FUND, his glorious scheme for carrying myriads of the poor pale baby prisoners of the alleys and the slums out into the fair green country to bask in the sunshine, to gaze upon the bright-hued flowers that grow free and fresh under the open sky in a garden where all may wander at will, I said to myself, "He is the beneficent Piper of Hamelin. He will pipe merrily 'Come to the green fields far away!' and the children of the slums will trip after him with jigging feet to the Wonderland."

But someone must pay the Piper in all things here below, and a scheme like this is not for one man alone, but for all who can afford to help. I don't think there can be found in all the world a greater joy for a modest expenditure than this Fresh Air for the poorest of our city little ones. These trips of Mr. Pearson's are the maximum of result for the minimum of outlay, and I willingly range myself under his banner, because I speak that which I know, and testify that which I have seen.

Years ago, when I came into almost daily contact with the children of one of the poorest parts of the great city—a vast area of horrible slums and alleys and foul rookeries, where human beings herded together in dirt and darkness and disease—I said to the head mistress of one of the local Board Schools:

"How I should like to take the children of these awful rookeries just for one day out into the open country, and let them breathe the fresh air and see the blue sky and feel the sunshine on their wan white faces."

And then she told me that such a scene would be to most of her little pupils something like Fairyland—that many of the shoeless, ragged, unkempt little ones coming daily to the Board School had never seen a green field in their lives.

It was at this school that I came across the pathetic child story which suggested to me the subject for "Billy's Rose."

Billy's dead, and gone to glory,
So is Billy's sister Nell;
There's a tale I know about them,
Were I a poet, I would tell.
Sweet it comes, with perfume laden,
Like a breath of country air,
Wafted down that filthy alley,
Bringing light and fragrance there.

It is this breath of country air that the FRESH AIR FUND seeks to bring down every vile and filthy alley in our great city.

I took some hundreds of these children once to Epsom Downs, and I shall never forget the astonishment of many of them as they began to breathe the air, and when they looked around and saw no houses, no grime, no smoke, no wretched filth-encumbered streets; some of them told me they felt as if they were dreaming, and that they would wake up presently and find themselves in their own dark narrow alley again.

The smaller children looked with awe at the great open space around them, and one little fellow stretched his hands out on each side of him and then upward to the sky, and exclaimed, "Oh, teacher, where's everything gone to?"

If we had in our midst a huge black prison in which thousands of innocent people were condemned to pass their lives, and at last there came a chance for these poor prisoners to be brought out for one day to breathe the air and see the light, is there a man or woman in the world who would say, "No! let them stay! let the day of liberty pass and keep the gates still locked"?

This FRESH AIR FUND is the unlocking for one day of the gates of a great prison where thousands of innocent children are passing their joyless, sunless lives. Every one who contributes to this fund unlocks a cell door and releases a prisoner, and brings that prisoner out into the sunshine, and the sweetness, and the light. Every one who neglects to contribute to this fund leaves a cell door locked, and robs a poor little child-prisoner of its one day of freedom in all the year.

With such a fund as Mr. Pearson's in existence, with such an organisation as he has perfected, there should not be one little prisoner in all the slums of all the cities that does not this year have a day of freedom and delight. The day of delivery is at hand, the children are listening behind the cell doors for the turn of the key that is to set them free. If every one who reads these lines sends but a trifle to the FRESH AIR FUND, then not one of those for whom I have pleaded to-day will wait in vain.

If you are a married man you should make it a law of the Medes and Persians to duly sign our £2,000 Insurance Coupon each week.

NEW AND STRANGE.

Among the latest inventions must be mentioned the new crumb-remover, which has a revolving brush arranged in front of a convenient pan or pocket.

A new rat trap may now be obtained. The bait, a piece of cheese, is attached to an electric wire, and no sooner does the unfortunate rodent take a bite than he receives a fatal shock.

Considerable demand is springing up for asbestos plates. They are of use in very hot ovens and on heated stoves for protecting the bottoms of kettles, saucepans, and other weapons of the cook.

A broom cover to be used in dusting down walls and ceilings deserves mention among novelties. It is made of linen the shape of the broom itself, and a considerable improvement on the cloth which most housekeepers wind around a broom for the same office.

A blotter is now made which will remove ink spots from paper, and, I doubt not, will be appreciated by the world at large. The ordinary material is employed, steeped several times in a solution of oxalic acid or oxalate of potassium. This, if employed when the ink is still moist, will erase every sign of a blot.

At a recent test with the new Lebel carbines, in France, a bullet discharged at an advancing bull struck the animal's shoulder and re-appeared at the tail, completely traversing its body; the large bones were pierced with round holes without being splintered. It is stated, by a military authority present at the time, that the bullet would have passed through eight men in a row. Altogether the prospects of the combatants in the next European war are very bright.

The "Columba" pigeon is a new species closely related to the common or garden clay pigeon. It is manufactured from wood pulp and being unbreakable is filled with either black or white powder to mark every hit. The "Columba" pigeon may be thrown from the ordinary trap and used over and over again by covering the shot holes with paper. Messrs. J. J. Forrer and Co., of 9, Regent Street, Halifax, Yorks, will, they inform me, supply sample dozens at 3s., which certainly is not expensive.

Colonel Halford Thompson, R.A., F.R.H.S., has brought under my notice a new material—a magical fibre—in which all plants will flourish, although it does not contain a single particle of earth. The foundation of this same "Jadoo Fibre" is peat moss, impregnated with every chemical that is under any circumstances required for vegetable food, and consequently the difficulty of matching a particular plant to a particular soil is done away with once and for all. Jadoo is light and clean and odourless. It is also cheap. Any particulars may be obtained from Mr. Andrew Hope, secretary, Jadoo Ltd., 54, High Street, Exeter.

Particulars have reached me from Mr. Robert Barton, of 97, St. Michaels Road, Northampton, of a patent which he has recently taken out for reducing friction between the wheels of railway carriages, trams, etc., and the lines on which they run. Briefly his proposal is to have a specially prepared tank, or tanks, fixed wherever it may be found most convenient, from which a constant supply of water will be allowed to fall on the wheels. The result is said to be an immense saving of power and a considerable reduction of vibration. The patent, I am informed, has already been put to a practical application with the utmost success.

From what I know of ladies' pockets they are very easily found by everyone except the owner, and what things are not stolen therefrom usually drop out of their own accord. The invention of the "Stevona," pocket closer, therefore, ought to be a matter of considerable interest to the fair sex. This consists of spring bands which, I believe, are supposed to be sewn under the lining at the mouth of the pocket, usually so prone to gape. The result is delightfully neat, and the price, 1½d. Directions, which no doubt would appeal to the feminine mind, are duly supplied. The patentees are Messrs. Sehlbach and Whiting, of 27, Monkwell Street, London, E.C., who make the somewhat startling assertion that their little invention supplies the greatest want of the age. The age is evidently not very ambitious.

From a considerable experience in such matters, I have formed the conclusion that when a man has nothing better to do he either invents a razor strop or a dress suspender. The number of people who have nothing better to do is extraordinary. So are the strops and dress suspenders. Mr. E. P. Smith, of Liverpool, however, has succeeded in inventing a strop which is not altogether devoid of merit. It is an ordinary military strap with a concave slab of indiarubber attached to a ring at one end. Wherever this is put with a dextrous persuasive dab against a door, or a wall, or a window-pane, it just stays until considerable force is exerted to overcome the natural tenacity caused by the elasticity of the rubber creating a vacuum. The article is one which must recommend itself more particularly to travellers, who can not always find a convenient hook for the purpose. The inventor's address is St. George Chambers, 4, Cable Street, Liverpool, and the price of the strops 2s. 3d. post free.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of Pearson's Weekly *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* Patent. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with the sender.*

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

The Prince of Wales is a very hearty laugher.

Lord Salisbury has a reputation for never forgetting a man, whatever his position, who has done him a service.

Both Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. George Moore have studied life in the East-end of London in disguise. It was said of one of them that he disguised himself by brushing his hat and putting on a tidy coat.

Mr. William Black is an artist as well as an author. He has painted several pictures, both in oils and water colours, and it is to the study he made of Art that he attributes his success in describing Highland scenery.

Mr. John Hare takes a month to study the part of a new character in which he is to appear. For some time before the first performance he makes a point of wearing the actual clothes in which he is to dress on the stage, in order to accustom himself to them.

There is always a large demand for photographs of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. More copies of Mr. Gladstone's photographs have been sold than of any other politican, but at the present time the demand for Mr. Balfour is enormous.

Count Leo Tolstoi, the most eminent living Russian novelist and social reformer, although sixty-seven years of age, has taken to bicycling, a pursuit which he confesses has fascinated him in a way which he would have previously declared impossible. A day does not pass on which the Count may not be seen riding for an hour or more, usually accompanied by several members of his family.

It may be remembered that Lord Rothschild has been patiently endeavouring for many months past to break in a team of zebras, which have hitherto been looked upon as too unmanageable for use in harness. Apparently, however, his tireless energy has been rewarded with success. A few days ago the inhabitants of South Kensington were not a little surprised to see a four-in-hand of zebras being rapidly driven through the district. The animals behaved with irreproachable docility. Several ladies were in the carriage.

No one, probably, understands the present German Emperor. He is an enigma because he is unique, or, at all events, entirely unlike any other human being upon whom the fierce light that beats upon the throne has fallen. Not long ago the Kaiser referred to the time when he first read that fascinating book, "Robinson Crusoe," remarking that from the moment he first took the volume up he never put it down again until Robinson and his man Friday had left the island in safety. When reminded that it was merely a work of fiction, and that he would have discovered this had he troubled to read the preface, the Kaiser exclaimed, "I never read the preface to a book—never! I devoured the story, I believed every word of it was true, I wish I could think so still."

The atmosphere of the House of Commons is not exhilarating. Nor would one imagine that it was depressing enough to enable anyone to have a reputation of never on any occasion having permitted the vestige of a smile to appear on his face while "on duty" within those sacred precincts. This, however, is said of Mr. Erskine, the Sergeant-at-Arms. Never has the shadow of a smile been detected on his countenance, even at those rare moments when everyone present, including the Speaker, were convulsed with laughter at the witticisms of some popular orator. Although amiable and cheerful enough in private life, Mr. Erskine considers it his duty as Sergeant-at-Arms to preserve absolute gravity on these and all other occasions while within the House.

Mr. Thomas Hay Sweet Escott (a curious combination of names, by the way), who has recently published a biography of Lord Randolph Churchill, is a well-known journalist. Born at Taunton about fifty years ago, he was educated at Oxford, and afterwards became a lecturer at King's College, London. In 1865 he adopted journalism as a profession, and has been writing busily for the daily and weekly press ever since. He has also written a great deal of the leading "monthlies," although the greater part of this work has been done anonymously. In 1879 he published "England, its People, Polity, and Pursuits," since translated into most European languages, and accepted as a standard work. On the resignation of Mr. John Morley from the editorial chair of the Fortnightly Review, Mr. Escott succeeded in his stead, but on account of ill health was soon obliged to relinquish the work.

The gravity of finance accounts for the frivolity of the Stock Exchange. A few days ago, when the Shahzada visited the City, "Charlie Clarke," of the Consol Market, who is also a wag, organised an impromptu performance worthy of the most gamesome records of Throgmorton Street. All the morning Mr. Clarke was busily engaged in spreading a rumour through the House that the Ameer's son intended to pay a visit to the Stock Exchange. The report spread, and by lunch time talk of the unexpected honour was in everybody's mouth. About three o'clock Mr. Clarke passed through the Consol Market as if from the Capel Court door, by which Royalty invariably enter. His appearance was not altogether unsurprising. Around his head was twisted a bath towel, turban-wise, while a sheet enveloped his body. He wore a black mask, with ruby red lips, and thus arrayed marched majestically through the House, holding his trailing garments with one hand, and bowing from right to left as he passed through the double line of members who were drawn up to receive him. His oriental gravity was beyond reproach, and the most enthusiastic reception was accorded to the mock prince. An unfortunate gentleman of rather foreign appearance happened to stray behind the lines of spectators, and had to run a gauntlet of chaff as he followed in the wake of his sable highness.

CYCLING NOTES.

Persons interested in the piano trade in America are crying out loudly against cycling, their grievance being that the development of the pastime among women is seriously interfering with their business. This must be pleasant for the neighbours of the young ladies. It is argued that the wild desire for athletic exercise which has seized the fair sex has been gratified at the cost of the indoor pastimes to which they were formerly devoted, and that none has suffered more than domestic music. The young lady of to-day prefers pedalling the safety to the pianoforte, and for that relief we should all thank her. Meanwhile the piano trade languishes in the States.

According to the last report, issued quite recently, of the National Cyclists Union, it appears that no fewer than fifty-five thousand cyclists own allegiance to that body, and are entitled to claim such protection as it can afford, which is not to be despised if one may judge by the number of cases which the union has fought in the law courts on behalf of its clients. The Union is always ready to take up the cause of the cyclist who has been assaulted, run down, made the victim of police zeal, or suffered in any of various other ways.

It will thus be seen that the Union does much more than exercise control over cycle racing, which many people profess to believe is the only reason for its existence. There can be little doubt that the National Cyclists Union has a larger constituency than any similar organisation in the world, and the greatest pains were taken in arriving at the figures quoted, so that there cannot be a reasonable doubt of their accuracy.

In a few days cyclists will be free to ride in Hyde Park, which has hitherto been regarded as too sacred ground to be desecrated by the wheelman. Even now, those who would avail themselves of the Ranger's improved frame of mind on the subject must do their park cycling before 10 a.m., for at that hour every morning the gates will be closed to them. This is possibly a thoughtful provision to ensure as far as practicable early rising amongst metropolitan devotees of the wheel. Why, anyone who could get pretty well out into the country in an hour should spend his time pottering about Hyde Park is one of those things that "no fellah can understand."

At a London funeral, the other day, the chief mourner attended on his bicycle, looking as melancholy as could be expected under the circumstances. The machine was draped with crape, and looked so well that several of the other mourners expressed regret that they had not come on their safeties. It is an economical way of paying respect to the departed. Still more recently a wedding was celebrated at a Surrey village at which everyone present was mounted on a cycle, the bride sporting, amongst other things, a pretty pair of knickerbockers. Several instances of honeymoon trips on tandem cycles are on record, and it is only right to say that in most of such cases the 'groom's verdict has been "never again."

The rule of the road is no doubt a very good thing, but cyclists would do well to remember that, so far as they are concerned, the rule, in the hands of a judge or a police magistrate, is of a rather elastic nature. Woe betide the cyclist who is proved to have been on his wrong side when the accident happened; and the fate of the man who religiously keeps on the right side when by going on the wrong side he might have avoided mishap is equally hard.

Quite recently it was shown that the cycling plaintiff in a case had held on to the right side in the belief that the defendant would obey the rule of the road. The defendant preferred to run the plaintiff down, and the judge decided in the defendant's favour, holding that the cyclist should have given way, even though he was in the right. This is not the first ruling of the kind, and with such "law" meted out to him it is hard for the distracted cyclist to know what to do.

If you desire to live long, and to die comparatively happy, take care to keep your pedals thoroughly clean. In the machine of to-day the pedal is unfortunately placed very close to the ground, with the result that the bearings become the resort of dust and mud, and with pedals choked up like that pleasure is simply unattainable. A thorough cleaning once or twice a year is sufficient. The pedal should be removed from the machine, and taken to pieces; but this should only be done by one who knows something of cycling mechanics, or is an adept at Chinese puzzles. If you are not either of these things, find a cycling friend who is, and let him do the job. It will save you the trouble, and will probably gratify him, for there are people who like that kind of thing.

(Cricket Notes next week.)

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 9.16 p.m. on Saturday, June 15th, and 9.18 p.m. on June 22nd. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

Signature _____

Available until midnight, June 22nd, 1895.

On Saturday next, the 15th, we are dotting about the most crowded districts of London a bevy of fair women and brave men, and inflicting a siege, so to speak, upon the pockets of its 5,000,000 inhabitants. The enemy intend to beg, borrow, and steal all they can for the Fresh Air Fund.

OUR STAMP ALBUM,

No. 6.

THE question of the genuineness of the Nyassa Company's stamps, or, rather, of their value to collectors, has been raised very freely for months past. No mention has been made of the discussion in these columns, from a feeling that the English agent for the issue, Mr. William Brown, of Salisbury, was entitled to all the benefits of the doubt, and should be allowed ample time to satisfy himself as to the nature of the enterprise he had, in entire good faith, embarked in. He is now quite convinced that the stamps in question have not, and cannot have, any postal character, and he is refunding the money to all who have bought them directly of him. We give a reduced illustration of these Nyassa stamps so that such of our readers as have them may know what issue it is that has lost its right to a place in their albums.

The story of these stamps is a curious one, and has a more than strictly philatelic interest. The colony or province of Mozambique is divided into eight districts, of which one, that of Cabo Delgado, belongs to the Nyassa Company. The Portuguese Government builds great hopes upon the enterprise and vigour of this company, and expressly conceded to it exceptional powers of administration in its district, including postal business, currency, etc. Upon the strength of its Charter the company went ahead and provided postage stamps and coinage for use in Nyassaland, and in September last shipped eight tons of newly-minted coins, and also a large quantity of stamps to the colony. Mr. Brown took the agency for these stamps in England. He commented at the time upon the unattractive character of the design, but the company replied, pointing out that the stamps had not been made for collectors, but for actual use, and their interest to philatelists was only of secondary importance. Had they been intended primarily for the stamp market it would have been easy to make them beautiful, like the North Borneo and Congo issues, or gay in colouring like the Seebecks. This is interesting, as bearing on the *bonâ fides* of the issue.

Then arose the wholly unexpected difficulty. The Portuguese Government had given a concession to the Royal Mint at Lisbon, which conferred upon it the monopoly of the production of stamps used in Portugal and all her dependencies. Under the terms of this concession the Nyassa Company was compelled to get its stamps from this authorised source. All others were illegal. This discovery was an entire surprise to the company, and naturally to Mr. Brown. The latter has conducted a spirited struggle with Portuguese officials, in and out of the sphere of the Foreign Office, in the effort to obtain recognition for the issue. All his attempts, and those of the company, having proved unavailing, there is nothing to do but to admit defeat, and offer customers their money back. This he is doing with as large a display of cheerfulness as could be looked for under the circumstances. There is nothing in the entire episode which reflects any discredit upon him, or, for that matter, on the Nyassa Company.

Portugal has already an evil name in the philatelic world. It is on the eve now of a fresh piratical adventure, which we hope the dealers of England will resolutely boycott. Having made some money by its issue of Prince Henry the Navigator centenary stamps —£40,000 it is said—and having found a considerable profit as well in multiplying its new Colonial issues, the Portuguese Government is to issue this month a new series, to commemorate the seventh centenary of St. Anthony of Lisbon. The Portuguese capital is making great preparations to celebrate the holy man's festival on June 13th, which is all right; but to levy a tax to pay for it on all the stamp collectors of Christendom is not all right by any means. The stamps are to be oblong, and mention is made of a design representing St. Anthony ascending to heaven surrounded by angels. Whether there are other designs we do not know. The modest number of 8,600,000 of these stamps are to be issued, ranging in the customary Portuguese order from 5 reis to 1,000. Our advice is to leave them sharply alone.

The Italian Government is almost as Conservative as our own in the matter of royal philatelic portraits. A new 45 centesimi stamp has been issued, of that pale-green shade called reseda, and the design differs from all that have preceded it, but the portrait of King Humbert is precisely the same as that first employed when his likeness began to decorate stamps in 1879. Sixteen years have made a heavy mark upon his appearance. His hair is now white, and the colossal and violent moustache which he inherits from his father is not only much wilder and stiffer, but very grey as well.

There is certain to be a great deal of comment on the extraordinary rise in British values, indicated by the latest auction sale by Messrs. Ventom, Bull, and Cooper, at St. Martin's Town Hall. All our readers know, by sight at least, the octagonal 6d. violet of 1854. Unfortunately, the boys of an earlier generation used to cut this out to its shape with scissors, as they did the 10d. brown and 1s. green of the same issue, and all their envelope stamps, which, of course, nearly destroyed their value. These mutilated examples of the 6d. are quoted in Scott at 1s. A used specimen, not cut, is priced at 3s., and an unused one at £1 8s. These American prices differ from those in the Hilcke's catalogue (London), where the used is 2s. 6d. and the unused £3. But none of these quotations prepares us for the auction prices obtained the other day, where a united pair of these 6d. violet brought £14, and a block of four commanded £29. The 2s. brown of 1880 has, it is well known, been rapidly becoming one of the rarer British stamps. Scott quotes it at £2 8s. in this year's catalogue, unused, but at this auction of which we speak a pair of them brought £11.

This leads us to the warning to collectors, if they are lucky enough to have two or more old stamps joined together, not to separate them. It is better to make sacrifices in other directions, if the collection needs them, and cling to undivided blocks or pairs of obsolete issues. Advanced collectors have a taste for that sort of thing, and to judge from recent experiences, the day of high prices for them is only beginning.

Our Continental exchanges sound a note of warning about a bogus stamp which is being offered for sale here and there, of course to catch the young and uninformed small collector. We give a cut of it herewith, and if any of our readers find it on sale in England, we hope they will not fail to send us particulars. The fraud is really an old one, vamped up for present use. It first appeared at the time when the Spaniards were fighting at Melilla, and its authors pretended that it had been issued for use among the soldiers engaged in this campaign in Morocco. The pretence was advanced so plausibly that "Scott's American Journal of Philately" was actually deceived into announcing the issue as genuine—an error it rectified the following month. How much of a success the swindle had been at the time we do not know. It is being tried on again now, this time with the Cuban revolt as a pretext. The stamps appear with the surcharge upon them "HABILITADO—1895—GUERRA DE CUBA," in three lines.

In a recent number of "The Stamp Album" our friends were strongly advised to pay attention to the older European issues, especially of the States which are now postally extinct. It was pointed out that the earlier stamps of countries like Prussia, Saxony, the Thurn and Taxis and North German Confederation, Modena, Tuscany, Austrian Italy, and numerous others were still obtainable at small prices, and that even where the States still continued issuing stamps—to mention Portugal, Spain, Luxemburg, Austria, Greece, Denmark, Wurtemburg, Belgium, and Bavaria as special examples—it would be the part of shrewdness to make collections of these as complete as possible before the inevitable boom in Europeans began. The new Seuf Catalogue for 1895 shows how timely this advice was. There is no striking general advance in British colonials and other specialties which have been in such excited favour of late years, but Europeans such as we have mentioned—many of them until now regarded as the commonest of the common—are all going up in value.

The most remarkable example is that of Heligoland. Three years ago the entire set of these stamps, priced in Seuf's catalogue footed up at £3 unused and £4 used. Now they are held respectively at £22 and £68. Of course there has been a tremendous speculative corner arranged to drive prices to this point, but such a thing might happen in old Iceland's, Baden's, or lithographed Hungary's just as easily.

A curious discovery has just been made in America. Everybody knows the 12 cent. purple, with the portrait of Henry Clay, which was in use in the United States from 1870 to 1890. It is, of course, well known that its colour varies a good deal and Transatlantic specialists distinguish at least eight well-defined shades, from pale lilac to deep reddish purple. It has now been found that a difference in design exists as well. The accompanying cut shows, first, the ordinary numerals, and, second, the newly discovered variation, in which the figure "2" is differently drawn. This latter variety is found to exist in dealers' stocks of this stamp, in the ratio of about five in a hundred. It will, therefore, become very rare. Our friends should lose no time in searching their albums for it.

(*"Science for the Unscientific" next week.*)

"GOT any more cigars like those you sold me yesterday?" asked a perspiring citizen.

"You mean dose fine Havanna goods, five for a shilling," said the tobacconist, with a gratified smile. "Louis, take down from der shelluf a box of dose imported cellerdoros."

The smoker grimly answered with a smile, and then said: "Just put one in my hat, will you. I read in the paper that a cabbage leaf in the hat'll prevent sunstroke," and he got outside just in time to be missed by an empty cigar box.

HOW AMERICAN TOWNS ARE NAMED.

WHEN a town is called Tombstone, and the inhabitants flatly refuse to change this dismal-sounding name even though legislators have threatened to bring in a Bill to force that object, it is interesting to know the origin of such an appellation.

This, then, is the true history of Tombstone.

Two brothers, named Alfred and Edward Scheflein respectively, were prospecting together over Arizona The latter had set his heart on exploring a neighbouring gulch, and, in spite of all his brother's warnings that he would never come back alive, and that the Apache Indians would assuredly capture and kill him, he set forth alone on his risky enterprise.

Before starting, however, he asked his brother to look after a magnificent and valuable stone that he had found near the camp.

"Yes," replied Alfred; "I will use it for your tombstone."

So, with these words ringing in his ears, Edward set off.

Days and weeks went by, and he did not return, and after much weary waiting, Alfred commenced to carry out his promise. On the stone outside the camp he carved an inscription to his lost brother, and placed it before his tent. When lo! one day the wanderer returned, beaming with joy, and with his pockets full of glittering quartz. He had discovered one of the richest mining grounds in the country. This the two settlers called Toughnut, because the soil there was exceptionally hard. The next mine that was opened they christened Goodenough, and the third, where there happened to be a little quarrel, was Contention Mine. And the whole. where a town now stands, they named Tombstone.

This is the origin of Tombstone, in Arizona, and the name, in spite of the many efforts made to effect a change, still clings to it. One of the earliest founders, Edward Scheflein, is still alive, and is an enormously wealthy man.

When Matthew Arnold visited America he was very much disgusted with some of the absurd names by which the towns were known. The meanings of a few of them could be understood, as Lucky Hit, or Social Circle, but it is hard to see what object there could have been in calling towns by such out-of-the-way names as Coffee, Why Not, Sub Rosa, God Forbid, or Henpeck.

NOTHING pleases a conscientious bachelor so much as to dine with a married friend and see the baby put its foot into the gravy.

EXTRACT from an essay written by Willie Jimkins: "Man has two hans. One is the rite han an one is the left han. The rite han is fur ritin an the left han is fur leftin. Both hans at once is fur stummik ake."

"IT must be dreadful to be buried prematurely."

Mr. Goodweather: "Oh, I don't know, I wouldn't worry my dear. It won't happen to you."

"Well, I hope not."

"No, love, you'll never be buried too soon."

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*Signature*_____

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, June 14th, 1895, until Midnight, Saturday, June 22nd, 1895. (See column 3, page 795.)

Probably you don't understand much about children's fashions. But your wife or your mother would. Just direct their attention to a paragraph of special interest to them on page 798 of this issue of P.W.

ARMY NOTES.

No. 6.

The Cost of Cleaning Materials.

Small matters often tend to big issues, and the monthly charge for cleaning materials is one which gives rise to a good deal of grumbling and discontent: in my time, and a similar state of things still obtains, I believe, a general stock of pipe-clay, chrome yellow, etc., was supplied to each barrack-room, a charge of a few pence per man (average, say, 3d.) being made at the end of the month. The amount is not large, I must admit, but in proportion to a soldier's pay it means a good deal; but, putting this aside, in certain "smart" regiments (especially cavalry), where the desire is to have everything extra spic and span, the trooper has often a further expense to meet, and I cannot do better than quote from the letter now before me, of a man serving in a cavalry regiment.

"Most officers like to see leather work in stables with a high gloss on it, and this can be managed by buying a box of saddle paste, 1s., or specially prepared soap for 9d.; and neither lasts very long; you are not ordered to get it. Oh, no; but your saddle if you do not use it looks a sorry sight beside a man's who does, and you will be sure to get an extra parade or two."

Now, apart from what I may term a genuine grievance, I venture to say, and I am sure that any harness maker will agree with me, that the various pastes and preparation which improve the appearance of leather do not always tend to maintain its suppleness, but rather the reverse, and that leather thoroughly well cleaned from dirt, so that the stitches show up well, and then rubbed over lightly with soft soap or some other *preservative*, is better than all the gloss which can be imparted to it.

At any rate, if glossiness is still to be insisted upon, I would suggest an issue—per troop—of a certain quantity of soap or paste in the same way as other cleaning materials, for whereas a man drawing good pay may not feel the burden of the 9d. or 1s., another man, already under stoppages for clothing or what not, may say to himself, "I am not ordered to get it," and so will chance a reprimand or the much objected to extra parade.

Army Crimes.

Blue Books are not, as a rule, very interesting reading, but the preliminary return of the British Army for the year 1894, just published, contains such full information of where the men of our army are at present serving, the number of enlistments, discharges, etc., during the past year that an exception must be claimed by me, at least, in its favour.

I do not propose to quote from it more than necessary, but there is one subject to which I should like to draw attention, and that is the way in which the number of offences—more or less serious—against military law are set forth.

In every instance the class of offence is clearly stated, also the proportion against the various arms of the service, but there is nothing whatever to show whether the various offences have been individually committed, or whether (as is well known to be the case) in every regiment there are a certain proportion of men who are *continually* getting into trouble, so that the fact of a regiment being debited with the commission by its men of a certain number of offences—say 100—does not by any means necessarily imply that offences have been committed by a corresponding number of men, but, on the other hand, were a tabulated statement shown it would probably be surprising how few men have contributed to the total in each case. Once a year, on the occasion of the Army Estimates being submitted to Parliament, a whole array of figures is set forth in the report, and people with a turn for statistics, having worked them out for themselves, come to the conclusion (altogether erroneous for the reasons I have stated), that the condition of the army is far from being satisfactory, which is decidedly unfair.

Discharged from the Service with Ignominy.

Since writing the above note I have received a communication from a commissioned officer, which more than bears out my contention. After being good enough to say he has read with interest the "Army Notes" which have already appeared, he goes on:

"Now, as regards military 'crime,' a careful study of any Regimental Guard Reports would reveal the following, viz., that they are mainly the records of misdoings of five to eight men per company, say 5 to 8 per cent., who come up again and again at shorter or longer intervals, some of them being absolutely incorrigible and men who appear to delight in prison, and who comprise the hard drinkers, the mutinous, and insubordinate. It ought to be in the power of a commanding officer to bring before the general at the annual inspection a list of such men with their crime records, and to require their removal from the regiments, to which they do an immensity of harm. But, strange to say, there is the greatest reluctance on the part of the authorities to get rid of even such undesirable characters by the means placed at their disposal—'Discharge with ignominy'—and so, after their term of imprisonment is over, back they come, to give further trouble themselves, and work incalculable mischief amongst freshly-joined recruits who may be inclined to go astray."

In the foregoing I have not quoted my correspondent's actual words, which are even stronger than those I have used, but I would ask, "Could it be possible to make out a stronger case for the necessity of weeding out men who are a disgrace and discredit to our army, and who are mainly, if not entirely, responsible for the many hard things said about the soldier generally?"

Commission of a Theft no longer Involving Discharge.

Whilst on the above subject, I may mention that until recently it was a military regulation that a soldier convicted before a magistrate of a theft from a civilian rendered himself liable on the expiration of his sentence to be discharged from the army, and instances of soldiers openly purloining articles from shops and not attempting to evade being taken into custody have from time to time been recorded in the press. It may not be amiss, therefore, to state that the regulation has now been amended. As recently as May 25th a soldier charged before a magistrate with committing a theft from a shop in a garrison town, stated that he did so with the intention of going to prison so that he might on being released obtain his discharge from the service; but the magistrate, in inflicting a fine, informed him that the above expedient was no longer available, and a good thing, too, in my humble opinion.

Temperance in the Army.

The consumption of much beer has always been regarded as one of our soldiers' special failings, and, let me tell you, after a long day's march, or a hard field day, one knows what a real thirst means. Men who spend most of their time in the open air, and at times put in a good deal of work in a very short space of time, may be excused if they imbibe a considerable quantity of liquid refreshment, and beer in moderation is in my opinion an excellent thing. Beer-drinking and getting drunk are not, however, by any means necessarily synonymous terms, and from the report of the first annual meeting of the Army Temperance Association recently held, the Duke of Connaught presiding, it was stated that drunkenness in the army is considerably less than it used to be, which is a very satisfactory state of affairs, and I trust it may continue to show a decrease year by year.

On the Subject of Uniform.

"A Cavalryman" hopes I do not wish to abolish a smart walking-out dress in favour of the sombre Khaki; and I hasten to assure him that such was not in any way my idea or desire, by all means let our soldiers when off duty make as brave a show as possible; but for hard work at home, as well as campaigning abroad, substitute a serviceable easy-fitting suit for which Khaki seems in every way suitable. As a matter of fact, another correspondent, "Corporal (Cyclist)," writes: "My battalion has worn Khaki uniform for the past eighteen months, and finds it far exceeds our expectations, both as to comfort and economy." (N.B.—The latter attribute should commend it to the W. O.).

A Warrant Officer's Grievance.

"An ex-Warrant Officer" asks me to give publicity in my notes to what he describes as: "A seeming injustice which exists in regard to the commutation of Pensions of Warrant Officers in H.M. Army."

Under certain conditions, not only commissioned and non-commissioned officers, but privates as well, subject to certain restrictions, such as residence in any of our colonies, or a foreign state, are permitted to commute their pensions; but if my correspondent is correct in his assertion, the same indulgence is not under any circumstances permitted to men who have held warrant rank in the army at the time of their discharge to pension. He goes on to say that application to the War Office has only succeeded in eliciting the reply that such is the case, without any reason being assigned as to the cause.

I cannot help thinking that this is a legitimate grievance, and that it only requires to be represented in the proper quarter to be remedied.

Warrant rank is, as my readers are doubtless aware, an intermediary between commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and my correspondent lays stress on the facts: (*a*) That in the Army Circular, 1877, "Pensions Commutation Act, 1871," it is declared that "the term officer means commissioned officer and warrant officer in the Army;" and (*b*) that Army order 141, July, 1891, having reference to Act 1, William IV., chap. 41, entitled "An Act to further regulations with respect to Army pensions," makes certain provisions for Chelsea out-pensioners who are residing in our colonies or foreign countries to commute their pensions.

My correspondent holds, and I think he is quite right, that warrant officers discharged to pension are to be regarded as Chelsea out-pensioners quite as much as non-commissioned officers or men.

I must apologise to my readers for the dry technicalities contained in this note, but it was necessary to embody them to state the case fully, as the fact of warrant-officers having become an important item in our army makes it desirable that the question raised should be settled definitely, once for all. I should be very glad to hear from any warrant officers as to their experience in the matter.

Comparatively speaking, so few correspondents have come forward with any grievances, that I am beginning to fancy ours must be a wonderfully contented army after all! Now, then, don't all speak, or rather write, at once, please.

(*"Smoking Mixture" next week.*)

CHILD KING AND HERMIT.

The little King of Spain gives numerous exhibitions of strong-headedness, which, although harmless enough at present, is not one of the best characteristics for a future ruler. The Queen Regent, his small Majesty, and his sister went on an excursion a few days ago to Guadalupe, whence a beautiful view of mountain and valley can be obtained. The eye of Alphonso, however, was directed again and again towards a small castle-like building which was on a distant peak and seemed almost impossible to reach.

"Does anyone live there?" asked the King.

"Certainly, your Majesty," replied one of the officers, "that is the Casa del Ingles. For eighteen years an Englishman has lived there, without leaving the place or receiving a stranger. The only one who is allowed to come and go is his old deaf servant."

"Mamma," cried the interested little ruler, "do you know I wish to visit him."

"But your Majesty will not be admitted," ventured to remark General Monilla.

The King looked at the General in a disdainful way for a minute, and, drawing himself up to "his full height," said, with dignity, "remember this, your excellency, that the King is admitted everywhere."

True to his word, Alphonso sent a letter to the Englishman announcing his intended visit the following day. A courier carried the message and returned in a few hours with the following answer: "Nothing stands in the way of the visit of your Majesty. I shall leave my house for ever to-day."

Alphonso was surprised, and, after consulting the Queen Regent, his better nature asserted itself, and word was sent at once to the Englishman to remain in his castle as the King had given up his visit. His Majesty took pride, however, in showing the message from the Englishman to General Monilla, proving that he could "be admitted everywhere."

Who the occupant of the lonely building is, is not known by the natives at least. Naturally, all manner of legends have been formed regarding the Englishman in the course of the eighteen years, but none of them probably is true. The servant is as silent as death regarding the identity of his master.

"Mrs. Smith's got a dog that likes me," said little Emily, coming home from a visit to her aunt.

"How do you know he likes you?" her mother asked.

"'Cause he tasted me, and then wagged his tail," answered the little girl.

Underhill: "Doctor, how can sleeplessness be cured?"

Doctor: "Well, the patient should count slowly, and in a meditative manner, five hundred, and then—"

Underhill: "That's all very nice, doctor; but the baby can't count."

A small boy began his regular prayer, in his regular way:

"Now—I—lay—me—" and then he stuck fast.

"Down," said his mother, prompting him.

Whereupon Johnny started again with great alacrity and fluency:

"Down came a blackbird and nipped off her nose."

A solemn-looking fellow, with a certain air of dry humour about the corners of his mouth, stepped quietly one day into the tailoring establishment of "Call and Snigger," and remarked to the clerk in attendance:

"I want to snigger."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Well, I should like to snigger. I noticed the invitation over your door, so I called, and now I think I'll snigger."

He was ordered to leave the establishment, which he did, with a look of angry wonder, grumbling to himself:

"If they don't want strangers to call and snigger, why do they put up a sign asking them to do it?"

The following are the winners of pencil-cases in the competition for the longest lists of words of a similar nature to the set, Pat, Pet, Pit, Pot, Put:

Mrs. Lundy, 2, Charlotte Row, Weymouth; C. G. Richards, 17, John Street, Plymouth; Miss Lucas, 54, Nile Street, Bridgnorth; Edward Friend, Eastern Road, Romford; G. Lipton, Monk Bretton, Barnsley; G. R. Thomas, Norton, Presteign, Radnor; G. A. James, Bethnal Green Infirmary, Waterloo Road, Victoria Park, N.E.; G. H. Rickards, 17, Morden Road, Newport, Mon.; William McIsaac, Lowick-by-Beal, Northumberland; Miss Briscoe, Tubbermore House, Dalkey, Ireland; Mrs. E. Beardmore, Black Lane, Cheadle, Stoke-on-Trent; John Blundell, 27, Joshua Street, Liverpool; George Cooper, Cross Street, Cheadle, Staffs.; J. Earney, The Lodge, Brompton Hospital; J. C. May, 88, Hotham Place, Devonport; S. A. Franklin, 4, Cyfarthfa Street, Roath, Cardiff; J. Hatch, 3, Elm Vale, Farfield, Liverpool; Miss C. B. Bell, Hazelwood, Broughty Ferry, N.B.; William Lloyd, Mozart Villas, Haydock, nr. St. Helens, Lancs.; Harold Pickering, Summerhill House, Summerhill Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. Rowe, 43, Alcester Street, Stoke, Devonport; A. Reoch, 4, Peddie Street, Dundee; E. Ebert, 1, Pemberton Road, Harringay, N.; Miss Annie Hermode, 80, Bishop Street, Moss Side, Manchester; L. J. Wright, 9, Gladstone Road, Watford, Herts.; Miss M. J. Newton, 16, Wellington Street, Oldham; Miss M. Metcalf, 61, Abbeville Road, Clapham Park, S.W.; N. J. Hoffman, St. David's College, Neath, Glam.; John Wilson, 3, Orrell Lane, Walton, Liverpool; F. Darby, 21, Wilton Road, Aston, Birmingham; H. E. Parker, 565, Caledonian Road, N.; Mrs. Walker, The Lansdowne, Grand Parade, Eastbourne; A. Crerar, 167, Hornsey Park Road, Hornsey, N.; Master J. Macrae, Chalmes Crescent, Edinburgh; Herbert Hartley, 61, Bever Street, Oldham; A. S. Cordiner, 76, Fildes Street, West Marsh, Grimsby; H. G. Edmonds, 2, Ducie Road, Bristol; Miss Sarah Finch, 20, Albert Road, N.W.; Miss J. Lavender, 20, Gladstone Road, Walthamstow; Miss Ethel Wilkinson, Lancaster Terrace, Church, Lancs.; William Lewis, 4, Anne Street, Waterloo Road, S.E.; Daniel Wilson, 6, Crossland Crescent, Peebles, N.B.; W. Vaughan, 8, Guildford Street, Liverpool; C. Cell, 5, Latimer Street, Tynemouth; Mr. Rivell, Addington House, Barnstaple, North Devon; A. W. Constable, Park Road, Gosport, Hants.; Miss R. Smith, 21, West Street, Stratford-on-Avon; L. C. M. Rowan, Central Telegraph Office, London, E.C.; E. M. Wilson, c.o. Mrs. Smart, Saxon Ville, Rogers Street, Peterborough; John Clark, 3, Banner Mast Cottages, Aberdeen.

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VALDAR THE OFT-BORN.

A Saga of Seven Ages

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," "The Outlaws of the Air," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. I. P.

SUMMARY.

In the Prologue Valdar tells how he brought the Fates to Asgard of the Gods, and so ended the Golden Age, and how for this he was condemned to become a mortal, and wander alone through many ages on earth, and how Brenda, his beloved, vowed she would share his doom with him.

The fulfilment of his doom begins in Armen, the land of the Children of the Sword. In the City of the Sword he finds Ilma, Queen of Armen, whom he dimly recognises as having known in some other world, or other state of existence. Amongst other incidents Valdar meets Nimrod in single combat. In the end Ilma and Valdar are overtaken by the Simoom.

Two thousand years after, Valdar awakes and finds only the crumbling dust of Ilma's bones by his side. At the new Nineveh he comes before Tiglath, and for the price of a splendid coat of mail and a sword like unto his own, he receives from Tiglath a beautiful girl, Zillah, the very likeness of his lost Ilma. Zillah is a twin-sister of Balkis, the Queen of the South, and has been betrayed by Balkis and sold as a slave. The two sisters meet at the court of Solomon; Zillah forgives Balkis and together with Valdar they journey home. Zillah marries Valdar, but on their wedding night Balkis slays her sister and takes her place. Valdar discovers what has happened, and just as he is about to slay the false Balkis, his arm stiffens, and he fades away into the mists of death.

In Egypt, after a thousand years, and in the presence of Cleopatra, the high-priest Amemphis brings Valdar to life again. He performs great deeds of valour in the momentous conflicts that Cleopatra brings upon the world. After many travels he witnesses the Supreme Tragedy on Calvary, and dies at the foot of the Cross recognising his lost love in her who comes forward from the throng.

At his next awakening Valdar is a follower of Mohammed, and Zoraida, who is killed in battle, is the re-incarnation of Brenda.

When Valdar next awakes, in 1190 A.D., he meets with some sea-rovers from the north. He goes home to Ivarsheim with them and there meets Brenda the Lily, another re-incarnation of his lost love. Valdar organises a band of Northmen for the Crusades.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WITH BRENDA TO THE HOLY WAR.

WE did not sail that morning, for the coming of Anselm and his monks had given them and us much to do and think of, for the holy men would not rest until they had baptised every soul in Ivarsheim—man, woman, and child—and as there were some five or six thousand of them it was not done in an hour, albeit they knelt down in rows on the two banks of a little stream that flowed through the valley; and when Anselm had blessed the waters his brethren tucked up the skirts of their monkish garments, and went up and down in the stream sprinkling them with the water, and making the sign of the Cross on their foreheads.

When this ceremony was over I took Brenda aside and asked her if she would not let me bid Anselm perform yet another of the sacraments of his Church, and join our hands in wedlock ere we went to the Holy War. But at this she shook her pretty head, and chid me in such sweetly solemn fashion that, sore as her refusal was to me, I loved her all the better for it; nor could I find it in my heart to seek to persuade her further when she laid her hands upon the cross on her breast, and told me, even as in another tongue and for the sake of another faith she had told me centuries before, that as a maiden knight she had vowed herself to our holy enterprise, and that as a maiden knight she would come back from it in victory and peace or give her life for it again as she had given it before for Islam.

To such a resolve there was no answer but agreement; yet when I looked back through the centuries to that awful and yet glorious day at Yermouk my heart turned sick within me, and I would have given all things, saving only her own dear love, if that troth-gift of mine had been fathoms deep beneath the sea ere I had given it to her or put into her mind the thought of wearing it in Syria. Yet what was done was done, and I could but abide the issue with such faith and courage as I might.

That night, as was fitting, we feasted long and merrily in the great hall of the burgh, and Anselm told us many strange stories of the coming of generation after generation of Northmen to the English shores, not only from the Northland itself, but from another land they had won in the South called Normandy, whence the grandson of a stark sea-king, Hrolf the Ganger, had led a great army to the conquest of England and reduced the Saxon churls of the South to slavery, winning for himself that name of "Conqueror" which, as you know, is his unto this day.

He told us also how Richard Lion-heart, King of England, the great-grandson of this same Conqueror, was even then on his way to the Holy War. When we heard this the name of Richard Lion-heart went up from every throat in a shout that shook both walls and roof of the great hall, and there and then we swore we would serve no other leader than him in whose veins the true blood of the sea-kings flowed.

When we put to sea next morning, Anselm of Lindisfarne sailed with us, and as we cleared the fjord his brother monks stood up in their little galley round their great brazen cross and bade us a pious farewell, singing the "Te Deum" in their sweet, sonorous monkish Latin, as our long-ships swept past them on our way to the South.

For many days we sailed and rowed southward, overtaking the summer that was leaving the Northland, and visiting many seaboard towns and cities as we went, not as the sea-robbers we had been on our northward voyage, but in peaceful guise as good soldiers of the Cross.

In Italy and Cyprus we bought horses for our troop, and at Larmaka I had the good fortune to find a charger well worthy to bear once more my old war-horse's name, a coal-black stallion strong enough to bear Richard Lion-heart himself; and there, too, I found a bright Cyprian bay, on whose back Brenda, armed *cap-à-pie*, looked the daintiest knight that ever went to war even in those days when many a noble dame and maiden donned the knightly mail, and rode with her liege lord or plighted lover wherever honour called him.

From Cyprus we went on to Syria, and landed a few furlongs to the north of Acre, round which just then the whole war was raging. The Turks, as the Moslems had then come to be generally called—for they were no true Arabs or faithful followers of the Prophet, but only foreign and mongrel heretics into whose hands the dishonoured sceptre of Islam had passed through dissension and corruption—in possession of the city which, as you know, stands on a promontory.

Behind the city the Crusaders had drawn a beleaguering camp from sea to sea, and behind this again to the landward side the hosts of the great Saladin were drawn up against us. As our good fortune willed it, we came with our well-laden ships in the nick of time to save the camp from famine, for to such sore straits had the Crusaders been reduced that the knights were slaying their chargers to get meat.

While the last days of the siege were drawing to a close I took out my Northern knights into the plain and practised them in the needful evolutions, and ere long proved their skill and strength in many a brisk skirmish with the Turks.

Then Acre fell, as you know, worn out by famine and the grim hardships of a two years' siege. But hardly was this first and greatest triumph accomplished, than they who had won the prize fell out among themselves, and brought ruin and failure on the enterprise in the very hour of success.

First Leopold of Austria, then the false Philip of France, broke their oaths, and deserted the banner of the Cross. Then others of less consequence, but equal falsehood, followed them, till at last only Richard was left at the head of an army, into which half the nations of Europe had brought their own national quarrels and miserable jealousies, which made them almost as ready to draw their swords upon each other, as in good truth they often did, as upon those they had come out to fight.

Until the siege was over, and the city had fallen, I had neither seen nor spoken with this "goodliest knight of Christendom," as all men called him, for a lingering sickness had kept him to his litter, and a hut from which he had directed the siege. But at last, it was on August 22nd, in the year following that in which I had awakened in the seat of Ptah, the news flew through the camp and city that the King had given orders to march the next day on Ascalon.

The order of the march was southward along the coast of Hiafa and Cæsarea and Joppa, with the fleet protecting our sea-flank a little way from the shore, so, as Jarl Ivar and I, like most of the other leaders, followed our own counsels as we thought fittest, we settled that he should take command of our galleys, while Brenda and young Ivar and I led our troop of horse on ahead of the main army to keep the road for it; and it was in the performance of this office that the fortune of war first brought me face to face with Lion-heart and his great foeman.

Towards nightfall we entered a level grassy plain, flanked landward and seaward by low, rounded hills, and narrowing towards the south. I knew enough of Eastern warfare to see that this was just such a place as Saladin would choose to make a night attack, if he could once get the heavy-armed crusaders penned up within it. So I sent out scouts along the western hills, and soon, as I expected, they came riding in to tell me that the whole country beyond them was swarming with the Moslem soldiers.

I drew my troop off the head of the plain to where a low spur of hills ran out almost across it, and then, placing sentinels along the height, and sending a couple of light-armed, well-mounted horsemen to skirt the eastern hills and take the news to Richard, I waited for the moment of battle to come.

The sun went down, and the full harvest moon climbed slowly up behind the eastern hills, and just as its disc rose broad and red against the ridge I saw from the summit of a little hill where I was standing the dark figure of a horseman so clearly outlined against the light that I could see his long spear like a black hair-line across it.

A moment later he had vanished, and then as the full disc uprose and sent a flood of pale light down on the plain, I saw it shining on line after line of glittering steel, gleaming in thousands of points of light like ripples on a moonlit sea. It was the vanguard of the Crusaders, and from what I had been told in the morning I knew that Lion-heart himself was riding at the head of it.

The shining lines came on in bright and orderly array, rather as though they were on the tourney-field or parade-ground than in a hostile country and the near neighbourhood of a vast host led by such a leader as Saladin. I saw from this that Richard had understood my message, though doubtless he had wondered not a little at it, for he knew nothing as yet of me or my troop more than report had carried to him of a certain band of freelances who had come from the far north, doubtless in search of no higher reward than booty and ransom.

As they reached the middle of the plain, still riding at ease in loose open order, as though thinking of anything rather than the grim work of war, there burst out without warning all along the line of the Eastern hills that long, shrill, screaming battle-cry of Islam which my ears knew so well; and over the hills swept the swift-footed horse of Saladin, wave after wave in innumerable ranks till I thought the mighty flood would never cease; and, like a storm-driven ocean that had overswept its coast, they rolled in a furious tide of hate and valour across the narrow plain.

As I watched their onset from my vantage ground I felt the old fire of the battle-fury burning up hot as ever in my breast; my veins ran fire and every nerve and muscle in my body tingled and quivered with the fervour of it, and with all the ardour borne of the memory of my many fights I longed for the moment of our own charge to come.

I saw the glittering lines of the Crusaders swing round to meet them; I saw the arrows and cross-bow bolts flying thick and fast through the moon-lit air, and many a Paynim rider reeling from his saddle, and many a masterless horse galloping to and fro, goaded to madness by the barbed arrows in his flanks and chest.

The front rank of the Crusaders stood like a solid rampart of iron with the long lances in rest and a hedge of spear-points a dozen feet from the mailed breasts of their chargers, and between each pair of knights was an archer or a cross-bowman.

The first and the second and the third ranks of the Moslems swept up with their wild shouts, and went down under the terrible spears and the ceaseless rain of bolts and arrows, and the crushing blows of mace and falchion which fell on those who passed the spear points. But for every rank that went down another and another came on, till the Crusaders looked like an island of iron in the midst of a vast tossing sea of white bornouses and turbans, lit up with the gleam of mail and weapons.

At length the last rank came over the hills and went down on to the field of Death. And now our time had come. I drew my sword and waved it once in the moonlight, and before I had sent it back into the sheath every man was in the saddle, and our long shining line streamed up from behind the hill where my troops had lain hidden, and halted on the summit.

There was no need for words of command, for every man already knew what there was to be done. I pointed with my lance to where the thickest masses of the Moslems were swarming against the Christian front, and then dropped my vizor and trotted to my place in the middle of the line. As I reached it Brenda and Ivar rode out. Brenda took her place between us, and then we moved down the slope.

A thousand paces from the crowded flank of the Moslems we formed in close order, two deep, for the charge. Then I waved my lance aloft again and put Tigrol to the trot, and like a moving wall of steel we went on, silent as night and terrible as death. The trot quickened to a canter, and the canter broke into a gallop, then down went every spear and up went every shield, and we swept in an irresistible torrent of destruction through the thronging swarms of the light-armed, light-horsed Paynims.

Then our two flanks swung back till we formed a wedge, and then mace and battle-axe went to work, and yard by yard we drove our way into the heart of the host, leaving a broad red road behind us strewn with the crushed and mangled dead, who but a few moments before had been so full of life and valour.

We had almost reached the Crusaders' front, when of a sudden it broke and melted away, and for a moment it seemed as though the chivalry of Europe was flying before the half-savage hordes of Saladin. The Turks yelled with triumph and dashed after them at full gallop, waving their spears and scymetars, and shouting that Malech Ric, as they called Lion-heart, had at last turned his back to them.

So he had, but not for long, for as the Crusaders galloped off northward the footmen drew up into solid squares, pikemen in front and archers in the middle, and against these the waves of light horse broke in harmless fury while Richard and his knights rode out into the open plain, forming into close lines as they went. Then one by one these lines wheeled round, and we, too, in the meanwhile had fought our way clear of the press, bursting our way through the crowd that swarmed about us by sheer weight of man and horse and armour.

Then we, too, formed our double line again, and as the Crusaders charged the hastily-formed Moslem front we thundered in once more upon their rear, and crushed them in between us and Richard's lines till their ranks were broken up and they were nothing better than a rabble, fighting each one for his own hand and his own life.

With bridles interlaced and her sword dealing stroke for stroke with mine, my sweet maiden knight and I hewed our way through the battle press, close followed by Ivar and our gallant Northmen, until at length we reached a place where a single knight on foot was standing by the dead body of his horse, laying about him with a great two-handed sword in such fashion as I have never seen steel wielded before or since.

But one against many is hard work, and as he made one sweeping stroke that sent a tall emir reeling from his saddle, the Moslem fastened his death-grip upon the blade and dragged it down with him, biting at the steel in the madness of his death agony. He only held it for a moment or two, but it was long enough for a great Nubian to swing his iron-spiked mace aloft and aim such a blow as no helmet ever made could have stood.

I was close behind him as the mace went up, and, standing up in my stirrups, I brought my great blade down on his shoulder with such a savage stroke that it bit its way through flesh and bone and mail well nigh to his middle. As I wrenched the blade out again and he rolled over, the knight on foot turned to me and shouted in a deep, manly voice that rumbled like thunder in the hollow of his helmet:

"That was a shrewd stroke, friend, and well sped, and Richard of England thanks thee for it, and perchance for his life also!"

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CHAPTER XI.

Home Again.

I waved my blade in reply to him, for there was other work on hand just then than the exchange of compliments, and we fell to again on what were left of the Moslems till my Northmen closed in on all sides to my rallying cry, and made such short, sharp work with their swords and axes that they left not a man or horse alive within the circle, in the midst of which King Richard stood with vizor up, leaning on his great sword, and laughing at the grim sport that he had had.

The battle was over now, for Saladin's men—or I should rather say such of them as got out of that deadly trap in which they thought they had caught us—were in full flight towards the hills, hotly pursued by our archers and cross-bowmen, who were shooting them down by hundreds as they ran. Then I swung myself off my horse, threw up my vizor, and, dropping on one knee before him, there and then thanked God that He had let me save the life of the greatest knight and the most gallant king in Christendom, and then, laying my sword at Lion-heart's feet, I proffered him the allegiance and service of my troop till the Holy Sepulchre should be won.

"By St. George;" he said, "I would to God I had five thousand instead of five hundred of such gallant fighters under my banner, and then I would hunt these false French traitors and mongrel knaves of beer-swilling Germans and Austrians into the sea, and with you and my own brave English clear the road for ever to the Holy Sepulchre. And now, who art thou, friend, and what is thy rank and country? Stand up, that I may see thy face and grasp the hand that saved me."

I stood up and faced him, and as I did so I saw a look of wonder flash into his eyes, for, though he was the tallest man in all the Christian host, my helm overtopped his by a good two inches.

"By the saints!" he said, as our hands met in a grip that would have crushed the bones of some men, "she was blessed indeed who bore so stalwart a son as thou art. Thou art the only man who yet returned my grip with good interest. Who art thou?"

I was silent for a moment—I who had never had a mortal mother save that Arab woman who, seven hundred years before, had given me a new life with her last breath—and then I said:

"I am called Valdar of Ivarsheim in the Northland, whence the fame of Lion-heart has brought me to Syria to fight under his banner. And these, my fellow freelances, have come with me. As for lineage, I have none, yet my blood is older than the blood of the oldest and the noblest line on earth."

"And right noble blood, too, I warrant me, whatever thy reasons for hiding thy true parentage under such strange words. Never did I see a better charge than that of thine, and never were goodlier blows struck for Christ and His Holy Sepulchre. Give me thy sword."

I picked it up and gave it to him, and as his fingers closed on the golden hilt, he balanced it in his hand and looked at it narrowly, and said:

"By my faith, a goodly weapon, curiously fashioned, and not forged yesterday, I warrant me. How long hast thou carried it?"

"More years than thou wouldst believe were I to tell thee, Royal England," I answered, laughing. "Yet if thou wouldst hear the story of it I would tell thee when better occasion offers."

"So, so," he laughed, in reply. "Then I will hear it right gladly, for no one loves a story of martial deeds better than Richard of England. Now kneel down again and I will thank thee for what thou hast done."

I knelt down, and he drew the flat of the blade across my shoulder, saying, in a loud voice:

"Rise, Sir Valdar of Ivarsheim, Knight of the Holy Cross and a peer of Christian chivalry, and as such take back thy blade, never to draw it without just cause or to sheath it without honour. Come to-morrow to my tent and thou shalt have thy golden spurs and baldrick, and the heralds shall proclaim thy name, and honour, and this, our act, to thy peers in arms."

I rose to my feet again amidst the shouts of my Northmen cheering for Lion-heart and me, and then a company of English knights, who had been anxiously seeking for the King, rode up, and Richard, after telling them who I was and what had passed, took one of their horses and rode off, bidding me not fail of my appointment in the morning.

The main army had now come up, and we made our camp in the plain and on the hills about it; and soon after sunrise I did as Lion-heart had bidden me, and right royally, I can tell you, did he perform that which he had promised in the presence of the greatest nobles on the roll of English chivalry, with many a gracious act that I would fain tell of did but the space remain to do so; and when we broke camp again I and my Northmen rode out with English pennons on our lances to take the station to the front of the vanguard which Richard had given us.

Then began that long, weary march over the parched soil, and under the pitiless heat of the blazing sun, past Haifa and Cæsarea, along the coast to the Dead River, of which you have read in your history. Day after day we met and repulsed the incessant attacks of the hosts that swarmed on our flanks until, on September 6th, we pitched our camp by the River of the Cleft, some five leagues southward of Cæsarea. Here we got news that Saladin, at the head of three hundred thousand men, more than four times the number of all the crusading armies, was waiting for us a couple of leagues away.

As soon as it was light the next day we went out in five divisions, not counting my own troop, the Templars in the van, and after them the Bretons and men of Angou, then the Poitevins, under Guy of Lusignan, then the Normans and English with the standard of Lion-heart, and on the flank Richard himself and the Duke of Burgundy rode up and down the lines with the flower of their knights, keeping watch on the whole order of march.

At eight o'clock we came in sight of the Moslem host, and before nine the battle began with an attack of Nubian archers, who poured in their showers of arrows, and then ran aside to let the heavy armed Turkish troops make their charge. Time after time they charged down upon us only to be hurled back by the iron front of the Hospitallers. Until nearly mid-day we remained by Richard's orders on the defensive, although knight after knight implored him to let them make but one charge, and scatter the harassing hordes that were worrying them like a cloud of gnats.

But this he steadfastly refused, answering only "It must be borne," till at length two of the Hospitallers, the Grand Marshal of the Order, and a gallant English knight named Baldwin de Carew, unable any longer to endure the taunts of a squadron of Turkish horse who kept riding up and down in front of them laughing and blaspheming, laid lance in rest and dashed into the midst of them, each cutting a clear lane through them with the weight of man and horse and then wheeling and plunging through them again.

This was more than the pent-up valour of their comrades could stand. Roaring out their battle-cry, they dropped their lances into the rests, drove their spurs into their horses' flanks, rode through and over the remnants of the Turkish squadron, and hurled themselves full on the centre of the Moslem front. Then King Richard, seeing that with or without him the crucial moment had now come, ordered the trumpets to sound the general attack and sent orders to me to join my troop to the English and Normans and make a flank attack.

I obeyed, and when I had given my message to Sir Thomas de Vaux, who was leading the English knights, and arranged with him the plan of action, we galloped out four thousand strong, and swung round the left flank of the Moslems just as a great column of Turkish spearmen, armoured from head to foot, rode out of an opening in the flank and came on at us in a solid mass of steel and brass, bristling with the glittering points of their long twelve-foot spears. We let them come on, wheeling aside as they advanced, until they halted, afraid to go too far from the main army.

The moment they stopped I shouted to my own troop, and we went at them, and as we struck their flank I heard the deep battle-cry of "St. George and Merrie England" roll out on the other side of them; then the earth trembled beneath the thundering tramp of thousands of horse-hoofs, and, just in time to avoid the charge of the mail-clad English chivalry, the Turks broke and ran for their own lives. I drew my Northmen off at once, and we let them go, knowing that a better chance was soon to come.

The Moslem ranks opened to receive them just a moment too soon, and in that moment the fate of the battle was decided. I shouted to my own troop, and the word was passed on to arrest the charge. I waved my shield over my head, and then down went our spears, and every horse sprang forward at the same moment. The head of my column struck the flank fairly in the spot where the lines were open. We crashed into them as an avalanche breaks through the trees of a mountain valley, their line bent inwards, then surged outwards and then bent back again, this time further than before.

Then we dropped our lances into the slings and went at it with the naked steel.

"Way for the Cross! On to the Holy Sepulchre! On for St. George and England, on! Have at them! Have at them!"

The cry rang out loud and fierce behind me, and I knew that the whole weight of the English chivalry was bursting into the gap that we had made. Then somehow we shaped ourselves into a wedge, and with axe and mace and sword hewed and drove our way foot by foot and yard by yard through the breaking Moslem ranks, and hour after hour we kept the grim game going, wheeling and charging through the ever-thinning masses about us till the battle became a rout and the rout a pursuit; and we rode them down or chased them in between our converging lines of pitiless steel till the shores of the River of Death sent rivulets of blood into the well-named stream, and the mighty host that Saladin had brought out against us was rent and torn into flying fragments, and only the darkness of night saved its remnants from destruction.

That was the last pitched battle that the armies of Saladin fought against Lion-heart and his Crusaders. A score of chroniclers have told you how we marched on to Jaffa, and thence, after six weeks of precious time had been wasted in shameful bickerings, we went on to Ascalon to find it in ruins.

They have told you, too, how the false French deserted us, how Conrad of Montserrat, the vilest traitor of them all, turned tail and went back to Jaffa, and how the Duke of Burgundy drew off his men to Acre because Richard would lend him no more money, and how nation by nation all our false friends and treacherous allies deserted us till at last only Richard and his faithful English, after many months of battle and famine and sickness, fought their way back to Jaffa, which Saladin had retaken, stormed the town in one fierce, furious onslaught, and quickly chased the Moslems out of it.

With this the fighting ended, and the Third Crusade was over. But for the foul treachery of those who broke their oaths and smirched their shields with everlasting shame that one campaign would have broken the power of Saladin for ever, and restored the ancient kingdom of Jerusalem to more than its former power and glory. Yet all the blood and treasure that were lavished, all the strength and valour that were spent, and all the gallant blood that was poured out upon those thirsty sands brought, as you know, but a three years' truce, a narrow strip of coast line from Acre to Ascalon, and freedom for Christians to visit the Holy Sepulchre.

I fulfilled my own ancient vow and the prophesy of Sophronius by making a pilgrimage with Brenda and Ivar and the good Father Anselm to the Holy City and the Sepulchre of the Christ. Richard himself rode out with us; but on the summit of the last ridge of hills overlooking the city he stopped, and, covering his face with his hands, bowed himself to his horse's neck, and with his great deep voice, broken by a sob, he said:

"O Jerusalem, now thou art, indeed, helpless! Who will protect thee when Richard is away? I have seen thee for the first and the last time; nor will I enter thy gates as a pilgrim, since I cannot enter them as a conqueror."

And with that he reined his horse about, and rode back alone adown the road to Joppa. We never saw him again, for when our own pilgrimage was done and we got back to the coast we learnt that the fever had struck him down again, and that he had sailed for Europe—to find a dungeon in the castle of one of the traitors who had betrayed him and the holy cause and to meet his death in an obscure fight for a paltry treasure.

As for us, we boarded our galleys once more and fared back to the Northland, leaving many a score of our gallant Northmen on the Syrian battlefields, but carrying with us good fat cargoes of Syrian spoil and coffers well filled with ransom gold. But what glory and booty we had won had but small value for me, for we had been but a few days at sea when signs of the deadly Eastern fever began to show themselves among us, and on the sixth day Brenda fell sick of it.

From ship to ship it spread like the plague that it was. Then came driving rains and bitter storms, and every sun that rose saw some of our fleet missing, till at last, out of sixty gallant ships that had sailed from Ivarsheim, only three storm-tossed and wave-battered galleys won their way through the North Sea storms and came at length to rest on the beach of Ivarsheim.

It was a sad and a bitter home-coming, a sore and mournful ending to such a gallant enterprise. Saving only Brenda and Anselm of Lindisfarne, all looked askance at me as the author of the woe that had fallen on Ivarsheim, as a spectre that had come out of the shadows of the unknown to seduce them from the faith of their old Gods and lead their best and bravest away to suffering and death.

Sonless mothers, mourning widows, and sweethearts who would never be wives, bewailed their dear dead, and cursed me as the author of their sorrows. Even Jarl Ivar turned his face from me, for both his gallant sons had found nameless graves beneath the sad grey northern sea.

But Brenda, though she knew she had but come home to die, still loved me with the faithful love that had been renewed again and again through the centuries, and when, on the morning of the fourth day after the home-coming, Anselm took me to her chamber to say farewell, she put her thin white hand in mine and sweetly told me that now she would keep the promise she had made before we sailed, and so, ere she became once more the bride of Death, for the first time she gave herself to me.

All that day and through the next night I watched her dear life ebb away so slowly that I could hardly mark the passing of it until, as the first ray of the sunrise shone from the cold, clear winter sky through a window that looked to the south, and fell on her face, I did not know whether she was dead or sleeping, so white and still it was. Then she opened her eyes and looked at me. Her lips moved in a smile, and as I cast myself on my knees beside her a faint whisper came from them and said:

"Farewell, Valdar, once more—kiss me good-bye, dear—till we meet again."

And as our lips met she died, even as she had done on that far-off day when we died together in the sands of the Assyrian desert. I let no one touch her dear dead body but myself, and I dressed her in her knightly mail and built a funeral pyre on the deck of my own long-ship and laid her on it. Then I took farewell of Ivarsheim and Anselm, who stayed to do his Master's work or die in the doing of it, and hoisted my sail and steered out into the Northern Sea for three days and nights, and then one midnight, alone with my dear dead on the black waste of waters, I lit the pyre, and as the flames roared up, the still, shining form in the midst of them, the hand of my fate smote me once more with the chill of death and I sank to the deck, and the burning ship drifted on with its dead through the night.

(To be continued.)

It's almost worth while getting killed in a railway accident, don't you think, to gain that £2,000 insurance we are offering?

FICTION.

HORTER'S FLOWER-BEDS.—A man named Horter lived up in Derbyshire a few years ago, but as his health was bad he was ordered to spend a year or two at the sea-side. He was born in the Midlands, and had never seen an oyster in its shell.

He bought a cottage down at Blackpool, and went there to live early this spring. A few days after his arrival, he saw a man going by with a cart-load of oysters, which Horter mistook for stones.

Stones are mighty scarce at sandy Blackpool, and as Horter wanted some to make borders for his flower-beds, he asked the man what he would take for the load. It struck Horter that the price was high, but he bought the lot, and had them thrown down by his gate.

The next day he stuck eight hundred of them in the sand in his garden, round the beds, and when the job was done he thought it looked uncommonly handsome.

A week afterwards there were three or four warm days, and Horter remarked that the sea breeze smelled very strongly; and he told Mrs. Horter that he thought there must be a dead whale lying somewhere down on the beach. The next day the smell became more offensive, and Mrs. Horter said that it was an outrage that the authorities didn't clean up the streets and remove the garbage that poisoned the air.

On the following day the weather was extremely hot, and the smell became perfectly terrific. Mr. Horter said there must be a dead rat somewhere in the weather-boarding, and he got the carpenter to come and remove some of it. But he found nothing; and upon going away he remarked to Horter that that cheese in the cupboard was the deadliest cheese for smell that he ever encountered.

The stench grew stronger all that night, and the next morning a committee of neighbours waited upon Mr. Horter to say that if he would drown that dead dog he would confer a personal favour upon them, and upon the people of the country generally, for they could smell him twelve miles away.

Then Horter told them how perplexed he was about the matter, and said he would only be too glad to have the cause of the trouble detected. So the committee made a tour of inspection, holding their noses.

When they got into the garden they perceived the oysters all gaping wide open and evolving an awful smell, absolutely in fumes. One of the committee-men, grasping the fact that Horter had planted these oysters, imagined that he was crazy, and suddenly climbed over the paling and went home. The others remained and asked Horter what on earth he meant by laying those oysters in the sun in that manner.

"Oysters!" said Horter. "Oysters! You don't mean to say those are oysters! Grashus! Well, well! that beats all! I was wondering what made all those stones split even down the middle. I couldn't account for it. And so those are oysters. Why, I thought oysters always came in tins!"

That afternoon he buried the shell-fish deep in the sand, and the smell ceased. Then he sold his cottage and moved to Brixton. He told Brown, his next-door neighbour, that he knew they were oysters all the time, and he did it for a joke; but he moved because the people seemed so touchy over the matter.

AN UNNECESSARY INVENTION.—Few people have any accurate idea of the immense number of ingenious inventions that are annually patented. It is creditable to the inventors that, for the most part, these inventions are intended to serve some really useful end and to meet some obvious want; nevertheless, there are inventors who appear to have more desire to display their ingenuity than to accomplish any public benefit.

It is to this latter class of invention that the "Smith Rolling and Crushing Machine," which is to be exhibited at a forthcoming exhibition, undoubtedly belongs, unless, indeed, the nature and object of the invention have been grossly misrepresented. As its name implies, it is obviously intended for diminishing the number of Smiths. It is understood that it consists of a series of heavy rollers resembling those by which iron plates are rolled, and also of a pair of gigantic grindstones of novel pattern and enormous power, the whole being set in motion by a 12-horse power engine.

Its method of operation is at once simple and effective. The operator takes a Smith of any size, and, adjusting the gearing of the rollers to the exact width to which it is desired to roll the Smith, gently inserts his head between the rollers. The machine is then set in motion, and in the brief space of fifty-eight seconds the Smith is rolled to any desired degree of thinness.

If a Smith is to be crushed, he is placed in a hopper communicating with the grindstones, and after a rapid trituration, varying from two minutes to five minutes, according to the size and toughness of the Smith, he is reduced to a fine and evenly-ground powder, in which such foreign substances as buttons or shirt-studs can be detected only by the most delicate tests.

The inventor, so it is said, claims that by a very simple mechanical attachment the machine can be made to roll or crush Smythes and Schmidts with equal efficiency, and he is confident that the general principle underlying his invention can be applied to Brown-crushing or Robinson-rolling machines.

Now, it must be distinctly understood that we fully appreciate the ingenuity displayed in the conception of the Smith roller and crusher, and the skill with which that conception has been embodied in iron and grindstones. A grave objection, however, can be urged against the invention, and that is that there is no evidence of any existing demand for such a machine. That there is a large quantity of Smiths, not to speak of Smythes and Schmidts, in this country is undeniable.

There is, however, no proof that the volume of Smiths is more than commensurate with the necessities of business. It may be conceded that, at certain times and in certain limited localities, there is an excess of Smiths. A plethora of Smiths in one place, however, implies a corresponding paucity of Smiths in another, and the difficulty soon regulates itself.

Hence it is sufficiently plain that there is no need of a sudden contraction of the volume of Smiths, and that the Smith roller and crusher is wholly superfluous.

There is still another objection to the machine, which is at least as serious as that already suggested. A Smith when once rolled to the uniform thinness of a quarter of an inch, or crushed to the fineness of ground coffee, would be of no further use as a Smith. Why employ costly machinery to roll and crush Smiths when they could be removed with equal efficiency in a dozen different and less expensive ways?

The rich and idle amateur of science may occasionally amuse himself by rolling or crushing Smiths in his private laboratory or workshop, but it is folly to suppose that the machine will ever come into general use, or that the inventor or the public will ever reap any decided benefit from it.

CUSTOMER: "The suit is all dusty."

Schomberg: "Ah, mine vrent, dot gomes from der schalk were ve marks de prices down so ofden."

"HAVE you ever read the article on how to tell a bad egg?"

"No, I haven't; but my advice would be, if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently."

"SHE is determined to be a musician, but can't decide whether to make a specialty of the violin or the piano."

"Has she no positive predilection for either?"

"Oh, yes; but some of her friends think she looks better standing, and others that sitting is more becoming to her."

AT THE CHILDREN'S FAIR.—Uncle Jack: "It is very good lemonade, but, Tommie, why do you sell yours for a penny a glass when Charlie gets twopence for his?"

Tommie: "Well, you mustn't tell anybody, Uncle Jack, but the puppy fell in mine, and I thought it ought to be cheaper."

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite,
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty mouth
Sweet as roses born in June.
Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls
Teasingly, and answer made,
"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet?"
'Rite is seventeen to-day;
With her birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies,
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."

TEN CYCLES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Competition No. 9.

THE LONDON CYCLE CORPORATION of COVENTRY and MANOR PARK, LONDON, E., are anxious to make their machines better known, and to this end have placed TEN "ADVANCE" CYCLES at my disposal, to be GIVEN AWAY to my readers, one each week, under what circumstances I think best.

The ninth Cycle is being given away under the following conditions:

In the first case each competitor must write to the Manager of the London Cycle Corporation, Manor Park, London, E., and inclose two stamps for their Art Catalogue of machines. Then write on the coupon a cycling anecdote of not more than one hundred words, stating the source from which it is obtained. The Cycle will be given to the sender of the best anecdote.

Send this in to *Pearson's Weekly* Offices, together with the coupon to be found in the catalogue, and the number of the Bicycle you would like in the event of your success. It must be distinctly understood that no competition will be accepted unless accompanied by Coupon. A competitor may send in more than one attempt for the Cycle, provided that he forward a coupon with each.

Ladies may compete, of course, and select machines specially made for them. The machines are of the newest pattern, and complete in every respect.

Competition No. 9 closes on Tuesday, June 25th. Mark envelopes "Anecdote."

FACTS.

THREE new novels on an average are issued daily by London publishers.

SIXTY thousand tons of corks are used for the bottled beer consumed annually in England.

THE clay pipes of England, France, and Holland are mostly made by the labour of children.

A DOCTOR has, according to French law, the first claim on the estate of a deceased patient.

MAIDENHAIR fern is used as a substitute for tea by the inhabitants of Arran, where the plant grows in great profusion.

A NOVEL form of duel is reported from Spain, the combatants each being mounted on a bicycle, and each being armed with a knife.

THE African ice works at Cape Town have been furnishing the Queen with bouquets of rare native flowers frozen fresh in blocks of ice.

AMONG the wilder tribes of the Caucasus every child is taught to use the dagger almost as soon as it can walk. The children first learn to stab water without making a splash, and by incessant practice acquire an extraordinary command over the weapon.

LACES can be made to represent large sums of money. The Astors have been credited with owning lace worth £600,000, and the Vanderbilts value theirs at £800,000. The Pope is said to be content with only £15,000 represented in lace, and the Princess of Wales can boast of £50,000 worth.

OLD newspapers are said to be of value in wrapping up winter clothing in the summer, because the printers' ink is as noxious to the moths and their larvæ as camphor and coal-tar. Being impervious to air, they also make good wrappers for ice and for liquids which it is desired to keep cool.

AT Venice, when any one dies, it is the custom to fix a placard on the front of the dead person's house, as well as in the neighbouring streets, as a sort of public notice, stating his name, age, place of birth, and the illness of which he died, affirming also that he received the holy sacraments, died a good Christian, and requesting the prayers of the faithful.

THIS is the method of making tea in Thibet: For six persons, boil a teacupful of tea in three pints of water for ten minutes, with a heaping dessertspoonful of soda; put the infusion into the churn with one pound of butter and a small tablespoonful of salt. Churn until the combination is as thick as cream. Thibetans prize butter for its age—forty, fifty, or even sixty years old!

ALL the tribes residing about the Congo are ready speakers, fiery in expression, adepts in the use of metaphor, clear in reasoning, and alert in debate. It is common for the speaker to hold in his hand a number of small sticks, each representing a pre-considered point of his argument. Each point is subsequently emphasised by selecting and placing one of these sticks on the ground.

THE big statue of William Penn which surmounts the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall (particulars of which appeared under the heading "New and Strange" a short time ago) faces the old Penn Treaty Park. This displeases the citizens, who get only a rear or profile view of the statue. So, to please everybody, it is proposed to put the statue on a revolving pedestal, which will be turned round once every twenty-four hours by means of clockwork.

THE digestibility of cheese has been carefully tested by a German chemist, who placed the samples in an artificial digestive fluid containing a considerable proportion of fresh gastric juice. Cheshire and Roquefort cheese took four hours to digest, Gorgonzola eight hours, Romadour, nine hours, and Brie, Swiss, and ten other varieties, ten hours. As an ordinary meal is digested in four or five hours, the common belief that cheese aids digestion appears to be erroneous.

Cows in Norway have been credited with the power of extracting sustenance from the stones, which travellers in that country will have seen them licking. A more substantial diet is found for them in winter in some parts of the country, where provender of all kinds is scarce, in the shape of the heads of cod-fish, which are pounded into a mash. The milk of cows so fed tastes strongly of cod-liver oil, and cannot be pleasant to drink, yet with all its unpleasantness it may be very valuable for consumptive patients.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to June 25th, 1895, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 791.

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

Let me remind your mothers, sisters, daughters, and lady friends generally that the first of the series of ISOBEL HANDBOOKS is now on sale, price 1s. Part I., entitled "Dainty Dishes for Slender Incomes," contains thousands of recipes, and is remarkably comprehensive and complete.

GOOD ENOUGH AUTHORITY FOR HER.

"HAVE you ever felt moods too subtle and evasive for the cold interpretation of unromantic prose?" asked Reginald de Spouter, as he gazed eagerly into the tender face beside him. For instance, can you imagine the infinite yearning which filled Longfellow's soul as his mighty heart throbbed with

"A feeling of sadness and longing—
A longing to be kissed,
That resembles sorrow only
As the rain resembles mist.'"

"Did Longfellow really say that?" she asked, as a crimson splendour more glorious than a Mediterannean sunset shot across her fair young Newcastle-on-Tyne face.

"I think those were his exact words," replied the unblushing deceiver.

"Then, if Longfellow said it," she murmured, gently, "I—I think, Reggy, you might."

WHERE PRISONERS DIE IN CHAINS.

AN EX-CONVICT'S ACCOUNT OF AN AMERICAN PRISON.

HE was a wretched, hollow-eyed individual who crawled up the stairs of *Pearson's Weekly* building the other day to offer his experiences in an American prison for the benefit of our readers.

Two years ago he was released from the convict's camp at East Tuckunee Springs, in Florida, and after having wandered about the States for some time, too much of an invalid to do more than pick up a living, he worked his way over to this country "to die" as he plaintively put it.

His hair was cropped close to his head, and his appearance was rendered more ghastly by the absence of one ear which had been chewed off by a brutal goaler. His white lips told a fearful tale of privation and misery, as he lent back in his chair and spoke to our representative of his imprisonment in the gaol where the shackles are only taken off when the prisoners die.

"Tell me what led to your imprisonment in the first place?"

"It was in this way," the man answered, passing his hand wearily across his brow. "In 1891 I was engaged as the caretaker to an office in St. Augustine. One day it was found that the safe had been broken into and robbed. I was accused. Despairingly I pleaded my innocence, but everything was against me. I was tried, and it was a cruel farce, that trial, found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment."

"What kind of building was the prison to which you were sent?"

"The convict camp was a stockaded rectangle, about a hundred yards long, I should think, and perhaps seventy feet broad. The walls must have been at least twenty feet high, if not more, and of course absolutely unscalable. It was divided into two kind of barracks—one for the males and another for the females, and, of course, there were offices for the officials.

"When I was there it contained about 300 prisoners, men and women. All round the stockade were fitted up wooden bunks for us to sleep on, and we used to be chained by our legs at night to what was called the 'squad chain,' which connected the various rows of prisoners."

"And of your life?"

"We used to be routed out at daybreak, winter and summer, for a day's toil. The guard were always armed with loaded rifles. In the summer we used to break our fast while we worked, and they gave us hardly enough to keep off starvation. In winter, breakfast was eaten before going to work.

"When twelve o'clock at last came, we used to be marched back again to the stockade, and were nominally allowed two hours for lunch. These hours used to be long or short according to the tempers of the guard. Sometimes they passed in ten minutes, sometimes they even lasted eighty; but never 120 minutes. Then back we used to be hustled to the mines until it grew dark overhead, and then with aching backs and limbs, wearied with the heavy chains, we were driven back to our beds to toss about on the hard boards in agony and torture until dawn."

"What did they give you in the way of food?" I asked my companion.

"Corn, bread, and salt pork, in which the salt was more conspicuous than the pig. This was partly to make us thirsty. Then they could punish any insubordination by refusing water to wash down the brine. That was terrible. The stuff was very poor in quality, and meagre beyond description in quantity."

"What did an allowance consist of?"

"A chunk of bread four or five inches square, and about four ounces of pork with it. If the keepers were in a good temper we were allowed to quench our consuming thirst at the spring, but often I have had to go to bed with my mouth on fire. The food is served by negroes from huge barrels, and is eaten in a savage way, as there are no such luxuries as plates, knives, spoons, or forks in the prison."

"How do they treat any who fall ill?" I inquired, not wondering at the dark look which had overspread my informant's face as he replied:

"The law requires there should be a doctor at the prison, but they generally send some inexperienced youth who wants practice. It is a grand opportunity for a novice, as he can make unlimited experiments, and if they fail—well, nobody knows or cares. As for his stock of medical supplies, they are limited in the extreme, and in the case of a serious illness the medicine which is most wanted is never at hand. The only person who gains by this is the man who gets the burial fees.

"A sick convict leads the most miserable life that can be imagined. You see, an idle man is an expense to the governor. He does not pay for his keep, and if trade is bad the governor may be out of pocket. Now, of course it is for the doctor to keep in with his chiefs, and the consequence is that if a man comes to him with a complaint he declares the wretch is shamming. This puts the keepers on the alert, and if the poor fellow stumbles as he gropes his way along to the pits, or falls in a faint while he is working, he gets kicked to his feet, and is dragged along to the stockade. Here he is taught not to try and shirk work by shamming.

"His head is held down between a negro's legs and another convict, promoted for the time being, is made to flog his comrade. The culprit is stripped naked and then slashed about with a knotted leather strap fixed to the end of a short handle. Thus is he flogged back into health and vigour. Fifty or a hundred lashes, the usual punishment, is enough to tear a man's back into shreds, and then he is asked if he will leave off shamming.

"If the prisoner, by staggering against the wall or falling to the ground, persists in being thought unwell, the flogging treatment is applied again, and this time the doctor holds the pulse and does not give the signal to stop until he is warned to do so by the slowly throbbing blood.

"When the prisoner's back becomes a mass of wounds then the doctor begins to think that, after all, the man may be seedy, and he is ordered off to the hospital.

"Here he lies still in his chains, and is experimented on by the boy doctor, who tries every remedy in the hopes of coming across one that will fit.

"In nine cases out of ten the poor fellow dies, which is hardly to be wondered at under the circumstances. Only just before his burial do the kind-hearted keepers knock off the chains, and they wouldn't do it then if they were not government property, and valuable."

"And were you ever subjected to this inhuman treatment?" I asked, aghast.

And for answer the man rose, took off his coat and his shirt, and then I understood why he looked so thin and miserable. He was maimed and scarred for life.

WHY BIG WINDOWS?

"Do you know," said a well-known plate-glass dealer to *P.W.*, "that the great plate-glass windows that adorn large shop fronts have their origin in the vanity of women? A woman likes to see herself as others see her. She can do that in a mirror. When she is in the street the show windows serve as mirrors to tell her how prettily or how badly she appears, if her hat is on crooked, or her back-hair down.

"Watch the women as they saunter up and down, and you will find nine out of ten casting furtive glances into the windows that reflect back their likenesses. They are attracted to the goods in the windows, and go into the shop to inspect and buy.

"It was that idea that first brought about big plate-glass windows. The old, common frames, with large numbers of panes, gave no opportunity for the ladies to see their full figures. They could only see their faces.

"Tradesmen, who observed the manner in which they looked in the windows, urged the glass manufacturers to make large panes. They gradually made them larger and larger until now they fill the entire front. The men like to look in them quite as much as the women, too."

MR. A.: "Just look at that dolt of a man. What a charming wife he has. How true it is that the biggest fools always marry the prettiest girls."

MRS. A.: "Oh, you flatterer."

"WILLIE," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?"

"I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the pirates, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."

A WISE parent thinks twice before answering a bright boy's question.

"Papa," said Johnny, who had recently joined a debating society, "is it correct to say, 'the noes has it,' or 'the noes have it?'"

"It depends, my son, on whether you are talking about a division in the House of Commons or about a cold in the head."

USEFUL PARROTS.

IT has hitherto been customary to fritter away the intellectual force of parrots by merely teaching them to say "Pretty Poll," and things of that sort, but the municipal authorities of a French town have instituted what it is to be hoped will become a general reform.

The poor-box at the town hall, it seems, had for a long time been in a condition discreditable to the more prosperous of the inhabitants. To remind them of their duty towards their poorer neighbours a parrot was purchased, which was installed close to the box, and trained to cry, "For the poor, if you please!"

The result, it appears, has been highly satisfactory, pence and silver coins having been freely given in response to the bird's appeal.

The idea is capable of being applied in a variety of ways. Parrots might be used, for example, to warn passers-by of the proximity of wet paint on palings or shop-fronts, or to remind people on entering a house to wipe their feet.

TICKLING HIS VANITY.

WITH a vain man hardly anything goes further than a compliment handsomely, but not delicately, administered. Here is a story about a member of Parliament well known for his knowledge of his own knowledge about all questions of finance.

This wise statesman was approached by a reputable-looking man, who said, with a deferential, but not servile, manner:

"Excuse me, sir, but are you not Mr. Blank?"

"I am," said the M.P., with affable dignity.

"I believe you are well informed upon all financial questions?"

"My friends and the Press are kind enough to say so."

"You have given much attention to the subject, I think?"

"More than to anything else."

"And no doubt you could give a satisfactory answer to almost any question I might ask?"

The member saw that he was being "interviewed," and wished to say something that would look well in print.

"Perhaps I could, if it were in the power of any man," he answered.

"Well, I have a question in finances that I should be greatly pleased if you would answer to my satisfaction."

"Very good; what is it?"

"Will you lend me a sovereign for a day or two?"

The M.P. produced the sovereign. "By George!" he said afterwards, "he could have caught me for five just as well if he had only known it."

TURKISH BATHS FOR HORSES.

IN the United States these are made great use of. The bath house is designed much the same as those which are patronised by humanity, only on a larger scale. There are three rooms connected with wide doors that shut so closely as to be almost air-tight. The horse is first taken to the back room, where the floor is made of wood. A steam coil is concealed in the wall, and the steam can be turned on from the room adjoining.

After the horse has been led in, the door is closed and the room filled with steam until the temperature rises to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The animal is left there until the perspiration is streaming from its body, when the door is opened and the horse is led into the middle room. Here there is no steam, but the temperature is at 165 degrees. Two attendants now come forward and a little window is opened into the first room, through which the horse's head is placed.

From the ceiling a shower-bath is directed on the horse, and the two attendants, standing on either side with smooth, flexible pieces of hard wood, rub off the perspiration and the water. The shower-bath is continued for a space of fifteen minutes, and then it is stopped, and the horse is given a shampoo, soft brushes being used. He is then rubbed for a few minutes with dry cloths, and is led into the front room. The room is at moderate temperature, and is fitted with an adjustable table, padded and covered with an oiled canvas.

The horse is given a drink of brandy, and then led up beside the table. This padded table is of mechanical construction. When first seen it seems to be an upright platform. The top of the table is in a perpendicular position, one side of which rests on the stone floor. Through it are drawn wide strips of heavy canvas, and as the horse is led up beside the table top the canvas is fastened round the animal's body.

His feet are also buckled in straps, and when he is securely fastened against the upright table-top an attendant begins to turn a revolving shaft that tips the padded board over, and it soon rests in a horizontal position with the horse lying at full length on his side.

The rubbing process is now carried out while the horse lies on the table, and a preparation of bay rum is applied. The mane and tail are combed and braided, and then the horse is taken off, turned round, and laid on his other side, after which he is restored to an upright position, given another drink of brandy, and led out.

All readers of P.W. are good-natured, but some of them are mightily lazy, so much so, indeed, that they won't even trouble to send a contribution to the F.A.F. So, you lazy ones, look out for the contribution boxes in the streets of London on Saturday. Come early before the boxes are full.

THE WORST CASE ON RECORD.

AMONG the many stories told of absent-minded people there is one about the dreamy mother of a young author, which is well authenticated, but seems almost incredible.

One evening, when her son stopped at the door of her room on the way to his own to deliver a message which had been sent her, he discovered the old lady in the darkness holding a match under the cold water tap.

When she came to herself, in response to her son's hearty laugh, she admitted that she had lighted five other matches and treated them in the same way.

"I was thinking about something else," she said, "and all I knew was that I had to turn something on before I could light the gas." And then she added, "I don't think it was such a queer mistake, after all."

ANOTHER ARMENIAN ATROCITY.

A STRANGE idea once got abroad in the Armenian capital that anyone having white-feathered fowls of any kind in his possession would infallibly lose his life; that a snake would issue forth on a certain day from the throat of each such bird, and inflict a fatal bite on its owner.

This notion took so great a hold upon the people that long before the day named, ducks, geese, and other birds of the fatal plumage had disappeared. They could be bought for the most trifling sums.

It afterwards transpired that the notion had been set on foot by American contractors, who were charged with the furnishing of a new regulation plume for some of the Shah's troops, which it was necessary should be composed of white feathers, and that these gentlemen had adopted this plan for receiving a plentiful and cheap supply.

A POD WORTH £4.

MOST people take it for granted that because musk is sold in what is called a pod therefore it is a vegetable product. But the truth is that it is entirely an animal product, being a substance found in a two or three inch sac in the body of the little musk-deer of Asia. This sac, when tied up and dried, goes by the name of a pod among the hunters who bring it into market.

Probably there are few things subject to such adulteration, as one part of pure musk will scent thousands of parts of some other powder mingled with it; and as the pods sell for from £3 to £4 apiece the adulteration has its profits.

It is indeed so pungent that when just fresh it has been known to produce violent bleeding at the nose, and many people are so susceptible to it as to have bad headaches brought about by contact with the pure article; and while a suspicion of it is very agreeable to many persons, one atom becomes offensive, as the case is with patchouli and many other highly-smelling substances.

'OW 'ARRY AND 'ARRIET TALK.

THE intelligent foreigner, who had been taught English by a professor of the language, would be considerably puzzled to understand 'Arry and 'Arriet's phraseology.

For instance, what would he be able to make out of "gar'n" for go on, or "kim up" for come up? It is thus that 'Arry addresses his long-suffering "moke," otherwise donkey.

Needless to say, 'Arry and 'Arriet's vocabulary is rich and strong in slang. Here are one or two examples: A hat is a "cadi," feet are "plates of meat" or "trotters," eyes are "peepers," and a nose is a "conk." I know, gentle reader, that you would not like your beautiful Grecian to be designated a "conk," but such it is.

Here is a little bit of 'Arry and 'Arrietism which thoroughly displays their charming vernacular:

'Arry: "'S'elp me bob! Hi luvs yer, 'Arriet!"

'Arriet (tossing her head): "Gar'n! Oo are yer a-kiddin' on?"

'Arry (seriously): "I ain't a-kidding on no one, 'Arriet. I tells yer hi luvs yer. Dash me buttons, ef yer ain't the best-lookin' gal I've hever clapped me peepers on! Why, Poll Green, wi' all 'er flash togs, ain't in it wi' yer!"

'Arriet (smoothing her fringe softly): "Ain't 'er, 'Arry?"

'Arry (emphatically): "No, she ain't — gospel!" (Coaxingly): "Won't yer walk art erlong wi' me, 'Arriet?"

'Arriet (with downcast eyes): "Yes, 'Arry, ef so ter yer luvs me has yer ses yer does."

be'Arry (vigorously kissing her): "'Arriet, an' don't yer make no bloomin' herrer! Kim along an' 'ave er drink. We mus' wet this, so strike me lucky!"

'Arry slips his arm round 'Arriet's waist, she reciprocates the compliment, and they grow very loving over a "pot o' four-'arf."

The onlookers may laugh at the open way in which they make love to each other, but 'Arry and 'Arriet don't care a button—and why should they?

PRESENTING ARMS TO A CAT.

SOME fifty years ago a very high English official died in an Indian fortress, at a place that is one of the centres of Brahminic orthodoxy, and at the moment when the news of his death reached the sepoy guard at the main gate a black cat rushed out of it.

The guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the dying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took so firm a hold of the locality that up to a few years ago neither exhortation nor orders could prevent a Hindoo sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out at night.

A HARMLESS PRACTICAL JOKE.

READERS who are fond of playing practical jokes on their unfortunate fellow-men may be amused at the following:

Pick on one of your friends and tell him he could not put one of his legs through his arms with his wrists tied together. He will probably put his hands together and then try.

Finding it a very simple feat he will accept your challenge. Tie his wrists firmly together and set him to work. He will soon put his legs through his arms, but when he tries to get it back again he will find it next to impossible.

After a little fun you can release him from his uncomfortable position.

A LOUD-MOUTHED FELLOW.

IN one of the most exclusive of the West End clubs is an elderly man who belongs to an ancient family, and takes advantage of his lineage to be loud-mouthed, censorious, and generally obnoxious.

A few nights since he was watching a game of whist, played by four of the brightest men in the club. At the end of each hand he gave his opinions in a dogmatic and high-handed manner regarding his theories as to the proper manipulation of the cards. At length he turned to one of the players and said:

"Do you know, old man, I have just bought the best pair of shoes I ever owned? My wife is delighted. They enable me to go up stairs and all over the house without making the slightest noise."

"Then, for goodness sake, buy another pair and swallow them!" exclaimed the disgusted card-player.

HORSE RACING WITHOUT RIDERS.

THIS kind of racing takes place in Italy. During the Carnival in Rome the races down the Corso are one of the most striking outdoor scenes. The horses run without riders, and to urge them on little balls with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which, when the horse is engaged in the race, act like spurs. They have also pieces of tinfoil tied to the tail, which, as the animals run, make a loud, rustling noise, and frighten them forward.

A gun is fired when they first start that preparations may be made to receive them at the other end. When they have run half way another gun is fired, and a third when they arrive at the goal.

To ascertain without dispute which horse wins the race a thread is stretched across the winning-post, dipped in red lead, which, when the victor breaks it, leaves a red mark on its chest, and this mark is decisive.

MOUSE v. LION.

A MOUSE was recently put into the cage of a lion to test whether, as the old fables asserted, there was a natural affection between them. The experiment demonstrates that each was so afraid of the other that no affection could exist between them.

The lion saw the mouse before he was fairly through the bars, and was after him instantly. Away went the little fellow, scurrying across the floor and squeaking in fright. When he had gone about ten feet the lion sprang, lighting a little in front of him. The mouse turned, and the lion sprang again.

This was repeated several times, the mouse traversing a shorter distance after each spring of the lion. Finally the mouse stood still, squealing and trembling. The lion stood over him, studying him with interest.

Presently he shot out his big paw and brought it down directly on the mouse, but so gently that the mouse was not injured in the least, though held fast between the claws. Then the lion played with him, now lifting his paw and letting the mouse run a few inches, and then stopping him again as before.

Suddenly the mouse changed tactics, and, instead of running when the lion lifted his paw, sprang into the air straight at the lion's head. The lion, terrified, gave a great leap back, striking the bars with all his weight. Then he opened his jaw and roared again, while the little mouse, still squealing, made his escape. Of the two the lion was the more frightened.

REMEMBERED BY HIS LUNG.

A SINGULAR example of absorption in a chosen specialty is furnished by an eminent Scottish surgeon and professor.

The late Lord Tennyson once consulted him about some affection of the lungs, and some years afterwards went to him again on the same errand. On being announced, the poet was nettled to observe that the surgeon not only did not remember his face, but did not even recognise his name. He mentioned his former visit. Still the surgeon failed to recall him.

Then the surgeon put his ear to his patient's chest.

"Ah," he said, "I remember you now. I know you by your lung."

He knew nothing about the author of "In Memoriam," but he knew his business, and remembered perfectly the peculiar sound of that ailing lung.

A LAND OF DECORATIONS.

AMONG other queer things that the stranger observes in Brazil are the vast numbers of decorations—stars, crosses, and the like—which appear to have been recklessly bestowed often upon boys of twelve and fourteen years, who certainly can have done nothing to win such distinction.

There is a very large body of ex-officials in Rio, belonging to the decayed aristocracy, and most of them still sport on all possible occasions the court dresses and uniforms and decorations of a past *régime*. It is their small sons and grandsons whom one sees out in tawdry silks and velvets, with stars and crosses and miniature crowns pinned on their jackets.

These decorations are as likely to have been obtained by purchase as by inheritance, for there used to be a custom in Brazil under which patents of nobility, with all its signs and emblems, could be bought for filthy lucre, and the rage for them was unbounded.

AN UNBEATABLE EGG.

A FARMER came into the village grocery shop the other day, and exhibited to the eyes of an admiring crowd an enormous egg about six inches long which he avowed to have been laid by one of his own hens. He had it packed in cotton, and wouldn't allow anybody to handle it, for fear of breaking the phenomenon. The grocer examined it with the rest, and intending to chaff the countryman, said:

"Pshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

"I'll bet you a sovereign you haven't," said the countryman, getting excited.

"I'll take it," replied the grocer; and, going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg-beater. "There's something in the egg line that will beat it, I guess," said he, reaching out for the stakes.

"Hold on," said the farmer, "let's see you beat it;" and he handed it to the grocer.

The latter held out his hand for it, but dropped it in surprise upon the counter, where it broke two soup plates and the marble scale slab. It was of solid iron painted white.

"Some folks think they're mighty smart," muttered the farmer, as he pocketed the stakes and strolled out; "but tain't no use going against the solid facts."

HIGHLAND OIL MINES.

YOU probably did not know that a certain amount of petroleum is found in Scotland. It is mined like coal, and is in a shale formation. The extracting of the products of this shale was for many years a most important industry, and is quite an extensive one yet; but the American oil, both illuminating and lubricating, is now set down in our markets cheaper than the Scottish oil can be produced, and how long our oil production will last is only a question of how long national pride will resist considerations of economy.

The Scottish oil shale is black, and lies at a depth of about four hundred feet beneath the surface. The shale-producing regions are all between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and are known as the oil fields of West Calder. They are very extensive and literally inexhaustible.

The fluid oil of America will undoubtedly become exhausted or greatly curtailed in production some time in the future. When these fields cease to pour out a quantity of oil that enables it to be refined, exported, and sold in Scotland at a less figure than it now costs to extract the oil from the shales at the very threshold of Scottish markets, Scotland will come to the front with its oil mines again.

When the oil fields of West Calder were being operated to a full capacity the shale refinery there, known as the Addiswell Oil Works, and which cover seventy-five acres of ground, gave employment to over two thousand men. In various parts of the field there are shale-crushing works where the shale is run on being taken from the mines. It is broken up into small pieces and the crude oil extracted at the crushers.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY has been paying insurance money at the rate of more than two pounds a day from the first day of its existence.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

To Cure your Baby's Sore Throat rub it gently with borax and honey, prepared by dissolving half a teaspoonful of powdered borax in a tablespoonful of honey. This simple remedy will also cure troublesome cracks in the lips.

Snow Balls. Take about six or eight apples, peel and core them, scald half a pound of rice in water, fill the cavity in each apple with sugar, and cover with the rice to half an inch in thickness all over, using an egg to bind all together if desired. Tie the apples, separately, in a cloth, plunge into a pan of boiling water, and boil for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot with sweet melted-butter sauce.

When Using Bought Eggs for cooking we occasionally come across one that is not fresh enough to use, and which, if added to the ingredients for a cake, would render all useless. Therefore, I advise all my readers, when cooking, to first break eggs into an empty cup and be satisfied that the yolk is whole and good before using it. This practice will take up very little time, and is likely to save waste in many instances.

Breadcrumb Omelet. Pass some breadcrumbs through a sieve, so as to measure half a pint, and into them stir one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley and a very little minced onion. Beat two eggs, and add to them half a pint of new milk, pepper, and salt to taste. Grease a shallow pie-dish, pour in the omelette, bake till a light brown and nicely set, and serve at once. If you have some tomatoes, cut them in half, and bake on the top of the omelette. (*Reply to* STANMORE.)

In Making Pastry, loss of success may often be attributed to want of attention in detail. In the first place, everything should be to hand before one commences, and not only to hand, but perfectly clean and dry. Attention should be given to the oven, which must be of just the right heat, or no matter how good the pastry, it will be spoilt. It is unnecessary in mixing to use one's whole hand, the tips of the fingers performing the process perfectly satisfactorily. Pastry should only be rolled one way—from one—and not backwards and forwards. The less it is handled, and the cooler the hands of the pastry-maker, the better it will be.

Sweet Cutlets and Caramel Sauce. This recipe is invaluable for using up the remains of cold rice or custard pudding. Cut it into slices, and press into cutlet form with a knife. Flour each piece well, dip in beaten egg, shake breadcrumbs over, and fry a golden colour. The sauce is made by putting a handful of loaf sugar in a saucepan with a little water, and letting it remain on the fire till of a dark brown colour. Add more boiling water, till the liquor is like coffee. Arrange the cutlets in a circle on a dish, sift sugar over, and then pour the sauce round. Should any sauce be over it can be warmed again for the next day, and added to a steamed custard pudding.

As you Wish to Have a Cheap Vapour Bath, try this: Wait till the fire burns clear, and place on it a nice sound brick; allow it to remain till nearly red-hot. Meanwhile, get a pail, and fill it three parts full of hot water. Place it in the centre of the room, remove the brick from the fire with the tongs, and place it in the pail of water. Place a cane-bottom chair over the pail, so that the vapour may rise, and then sit down, wrapping yourself in a blanket so as to prevent the vapour escaping. In a few minutes you will perspire freely; let ten or fifteen minutes elapse, then rub yourself well, and dry thoroughly with a towel. (*Reply to* J. H. T., St. Albans.)

Children's Dress is apt to give their mothers a good deal of trouble when the dressmaking of the family is done at home, and it is very hard to get pretty designs to suit little people of all ages. In order to meet this need I am bringing out a new monthly paper which will be entirely devoted to children's fashions. It will be published on the 15th of each month, and its name is ISOBEL'S *Fashions for Children*, price 1½d., or post free 2½d. Our new paper closely resembles in size its sister, ISOBEL'S *Dressmaking at Home*, but now that we have sixteen pages entirely devoted to children we are able to give every variety of their dress. Nor do we keep ourselves to fashions only, but we shall give every month patterns for underclothes, etc. Paper patterns of all designs in this paper are to be had from this office at our usual low rate, *and to make it of even more use to our readers a free paper pattern will be found within its pages each month, the first being of a child's summer frock.*

To Make Cream Colour Curtains White is not a very easy process, but you can make them a very pale cream by bleaching on the grass. (*Reply to* X. Y. Z.)

Egg Julep is a very favourite preparation for cleansing the hair. It is quite simply made, being composed of soft soap and rain water made into a lather, a teaspoonful of powdered borax, a little oil, and a small quantity of spirit of camphor. (*Reply to* JESSIE HUGHES.)

Though a Vegetarian Diet is not good for people who are working hard and lead an indoor life, I should like to see our people take a more varied diet nowadays. There is no doubt that the tendency of the present day is to neglect vegetables and fruit, and to eat meat in large quantities. Those who wish to be healthy should make a point of having a mixed diet as far their means will allow.

Make your Breakfast of Tomatoes Cooked as follows: Procure some ripe tomatoes, as large as possible, wash them and wipe dry, and divide them into slices of about half an inch thick. Sprinkle each slice with pepper and salt, and fry it. When cooked, put a little flour into the frying-pan and a teacupful of cream, stir together, boil, and pour over the tomatoes. Serve very hot with a garnish of fried rashers of bacon.

Your Indoor Fernery is not flourishing just now on account of its sunny position. Shade it well each morning as long as the sun is on it by cloths, etc. If the fronds are blighted at all, wash them well with soapy water, and afterwards syringe with rain-water. Pot ferns in the room will flourish well if they are plunged into a basin of water twice or three times a week. Probably another reason that your fernery is not doing well is because you do not let enough air into it. This should be done for an hour or two every day. (*Reply to* GARDENER.)

Cocoa Jelly for an Invalid. Mix a dessertspoonful of good cocoa with half a pint of water, stir it over the fire till it boils, and sweeten according to the taste of the patient. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water, for some hours previously, and stir it into the boiling cocoa and water, flavour with vanilla, remove from the stove, and whilst it is cooling stir at intervals and place in a wet mould. Serve with whipped cream or custard. There is really nothing very nourishing in this jelly, but it looks nice and flavours the cream well. (*Reply to* J. P.)

To Soften Water for toilet use, keep a lump of rough Fuller's earth in your water-ewer, empty it all out once a week, and put fresh Fuller's earth. If this fails, use oat-meal. Keep a tin of medium oat-meal in your bedroom, have a piece of muslin, place a handful of oat-meal in it, and tie it up with a string. Throw this bag into your washing water, and squeeze it out a couple of times. The same bagful of oat-meal will serve for a couple of days, and then should be removed. The same muslin will last some time. This treatment has a very good effect on the skin, and I hope will cure your discomfort. (*Reply to* SHAFTESBURY, Kettering.)

A Danish Dish. Procure from your butcher two cleaned and chopped cow-heels. Wash well, and place in a stewpan with plenty of cold water. As the contents of the pot boil, skim well; add a cupful of cold water, and skim again, then add pepper-corns, cloves, mace, and a few allspice, an onion, a carrot, and small bunch of herbs. Let all simmer for six or seven hours. Lift out the feet, place in a dish, and take out all bones. Strain off the liquor, and put it aside till next day, when the fat can be easily removed. Strain the liquor, add it to the meat, and simmer a couple of hours. Scatter chopped parsley over, and serve with well boiled vegetables. The remains of this dish should be pressed into a mould and served cold in slices.

Now the Season is Approaching when Fruit is Plentiful, every careful housewife, who has the ordinary conveniences handy, should make her own jams. Not only is it economical to do so, but preserves made at home are far more wholesome than those which are purchased. It is such easy work, too, only needing a little care, that even the veriest amateur need not hesitate to undertake it. It is sometimes complained that the jam "candies," and the reason of this is that it has boiled too rapidly. Not only must it boil sufficiently long, but it must boil fairly slowly, or it will ferment. To make jam, first remove the stalks from the fruit, then allow about three-quarters of a pound of preserving sugar to each pound of fruit, and boil for half an hour. Then place in jars, and do not cover till quite cold. Preserves must be stored in a thoroughly dry place, otherwise they are apt to become mouldy, no matter how well packed.

Never Polish Taps with anything gritty, for it works into the joints and speedily puts them out of order.

Fruit and Rice. Boil some rice in milk till it is cooked and very thick. Place a layer of it in a pie-dish, then a layer of fruit stewed with sugar. Add another layer of the rice, scatter breadcrumbs over the top, and bake till a golden brown colour. A deep pie-dish may be used for this dish, and several layers of both fruit and rice put in.

Iodine Stains on Linen are not so difficult to remove as you seem to think, especially as those you mention are recent. Put some liquid ammonia on a plate or any shallow china vessel, dip the stained portion into it, and rub well. The stain will soon disappear. Rinse afterwards in cold water, and wash with soap in the ordinary way. (*Reply to* F. T. BAYLIS.)

Little Fruit Rissolettes. This recipe is very useful to use up the trimmings of puff paste. Take about a quarter of a pound of them, roll the paste very thin, to about the thickness of half-a-crown. Put half-spoonfuls of apricot, or any preserve of fairly thick consistency, on it, about one and a half inches from each other. Wet lightly round the preserve with a paste brush. Place a similar piece of pastry over all. Now take a cutter about the size of a crown piece, and press round the part where the preserve is, with the thick part of the cutter, in order that the paste may stick. Then cut them out with one a size or two larger, place on a baking tin, egg over, bake in a nice hot oven for about twenty minutes, sift finely-powdered sugar over, return to the oven to glaze, and serve.

A New Way of Cooking Fish. It is often hard to know how to cook fish in order to make a change from boiling and frying. Baked fish is very good, but requires to be eaten hot, and I think many of my readers will be glad to know that fish can be made into a galantine quite as well as meat, and is an exceedingly tasty dish when eaten cold. It is very nice for supper or luncheon, and when cut in thin slices and put between bread and butter makes delicious sandwiches. Take one large and two small fresh haddocks, and clean them well. Remove the head from the large fish, cut it straight down so as to remove the bone without breaking the skin, and trim away any loose pieces and bones. Then spread the inside with forcemeat, made in the following way: Take the two small haddocks, remove all skin and bones, and pound them as finely as possible. Add about half the quantity of soft breadcrumbs, a small lump of butter, and two anchovies, from which the bones and heads have been carefully removed. Pound all together, season, add the beaten yolks of two eggs and the white of one, pass through a sieve, and mix with it a teacupful of cream. Having inserted the forcemeat, put on it at intervals some small pieces of anchovy and a little lobster coral. Fold the fish into its original shape and sew it up. Wet a cloth, first in hot then in cold water, butter it, and tie up the fish in it firmly. Simmer it for an hour in stock made from the bones, and leave it until cold. Untie the fish, remove the cotton, strain the stock, mix with it a little dissolved gelatine, and brush it thickly over the fish. Sprinkle over the top a little finely-powdered lobster coral, garnish with hard-boiled egg and watercress or cucumber, and serve with salad.

Isobel.

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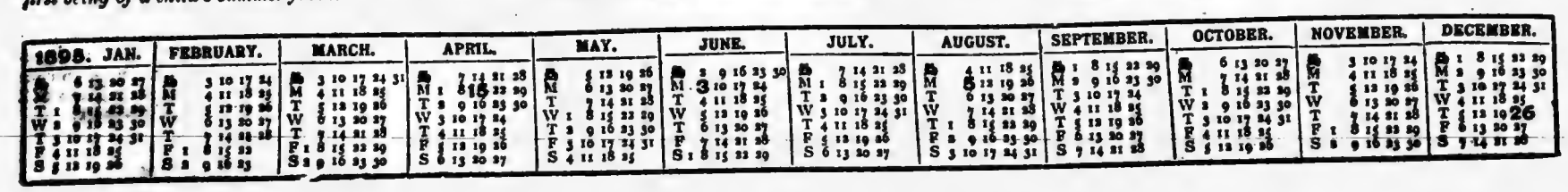
All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, June 20, if intended for the Issue on sale June 28, and dated July 6.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



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HOMOCEA

will restore what seemed hopelessly lost. Apply a little to the disfigured part, and it will not only relieve pain, but will leave the skin in a perfectly clear, healthy condition.

Sold by dealers generally, 1/1½ and 2/9 per box, or post free for 1/3 and 3/-, from the Homocea Company, Ltd., 22, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

THIS IS THE CAUSE OF MY PERFECT DRESS.

My friends think I go to Paris for all my Dresses, because they

FIT SO BEAUTIFULLY.

Instead of that, I find any Dressmaker can now please me if they will only use

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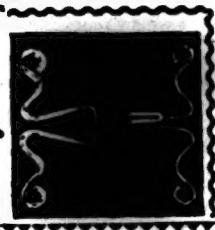

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Notice.

Persons subject to eye disorders should know that any affliction can be cured by Singleton's Golden Eye Ointment, but it must be Singleton's. Of all chemists and drug stores at 2/- per pot. 300 years' reputation. "How to preserve the Eyesight," a little book of value to every family in which there is a case of weak eyes, will be forwarded free to any address by Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth Road, London.

4/11 TWEED — Allen Foster & Co — 9/11 SERGE

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

TWEED COSTUMES, 14 11.

An Extraordinary Bargain.

A costume any lady can wear. It is made in the latest style and fashion for the coming season, produced in expensive Shrunk Tweeds of newest designs. It consists of an open fronted jacket with very full sleeves and with the new shaped skirt. Buy direct from the **London Manufacturer** and you will find that the price asked utterly fails to convey idea of the value given.

In sending order, give measurements as follows: Round bust under arms, neck to waist at back, length of skirt, inside sleeve, and round waist. All sizes kept in stock, and in all the newest mixtures and shades. Any length of our Costume Tweeds or Serges may be had by the yard.

SEND FOR PATTERNS.

We also draw your attention to our "Seaside Costume" made in our Spécialité Serge, unsurpassed for wear, at Nine and Eleven, similar style to sketch, **9/11** with revers and velvet weltered collar; can be had in Black, Navy, Tan, Drab, Grey, Brown, and the fashionable shades of Blue and Green.

Each Costume packed securely and sent carriage paid for **6d.** *extra. Any Costume may be returned if not approved, and money will be refunded immediately.*

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., 30, Roscoe Street, London, E.C.

TIME ON THE MEND

If you suffer from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Cramp, Sprains, Chest Cold, Sore Throat, Chilblains, Faceache, Backache, or any other ache,

DAY'S OIL OF THE NIGHT

PUTS THAT RIGHT.

"It is a positive pain killer."—Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

"I find it a wonderful preparation for the relief of Neuralgia and Rheumatism."—S. F. Edwards, Tranmere, Birkenhead.

1/1½ and 2/9 from Chemists, or direct, post paid,

DAY & SONS, Crewe, Cheshire.

"The Health and Vigour of an individual depend upon the quantity and quality of the Blood. When the tissues have been at work there are thrown into the blood waste products, and if these be not eliminated but (through any cause) detained in the blood they influence nutrition and function and finally produce organic disease."—*The Humanitarian.* In cases of Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, the effects of Clarke's Blood Mixture are marvellous. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold everywhere, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations or substitutes.

£20 TO TOBACCONISTS (COMMENCING). See 1lld. Guide (259 pages), 2d., "How to open a Cigar Store, £20 to £1,000." TOBACCONISTS' CO., 186, Euston Rd., London. N.B.—Shopfitters and show-case makers for all trades. Estimates free. Est. 1890. Mgr., Hy. Myers.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,

Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1/1½, and 2/9 each, with full directions.

THE 1/1½ BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE PROPRIETOR—

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

CHIVERS'

DELICIOUS. Prepared in silver-lined pans.

WHOLESOME. Highly prized by all.

REFRESHING. Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices.

DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N., says: "Jellies that really add to our health and luxury."

GOLD MEDAL

HALF-PINTS, 2½d. PINTS, 4½d. QUARTS, 8d.

S. CHIVERS & SONS, PROPRIETORS OF THE FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT FARM JAM FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

CHIVERS' CUSTARDS and CHIVERS' BLANC MANGES—2d. and 3d. packets and 6d. boxes—two more delicious and digestible additions to the dinner and supper table. Made by simply adding milk and boiling.

A CHILD by the aid of CHIVERS' SPECIALITIES can make a CUSTARD, a BLANC MANGE or a JELLY, of which any Cook might be proud. *At Grocers and Stores.*

JELLIES.

THE UNLIMITED MAIL.

FIFTY penknives are offered for the best sets of twenty words which are such that a word is also formed by taking every other letter starting with the first, thus: PROJECT, where the first, third, fifth, and seventh letters form the word Poet. Lists, in envelopes marked "Alternate," to reach us by Tuesday, June 25.

MR. ARTHUR C. HUCKSTEPP, of 463, Brixton Road, Brixton, proves that a bicycle is a cricket bat in the following manner: "A bicycle is an elevated mount; an elevated mount is a mountain; a mountain is a tourist tester; a two-wrist tester is a cricket bat." He has, therefore, been awarded the sixth bicycle given by the London Cycle Corporation.

NOW, on the subject of Kangaroo hunting, upon which an Australian correspondent recently held forth in this paper, a vast correspondence has reached me, and many conflicting statements have arisen. G. A. H., writing from Perth, Western Australia, says that the kangaroo is never pugnacious. It is a peaceable, shy creature, with soft, tender eyes like a deer. The big leaders or "old men," will fight when hard pressed, and when they do, all their blows come from the hind leg. Of hunters wearing a mat to protect their chests, he has never heard, and much less using spears, unless they were niggers. In "single" hunting with dogs, a crop or a stock whip is usually all that is carried, and sometimes even these are dispensed with, and the game killed by a blow on the head from a stirrup. In "drives" the animals are surrounded by a band of men on horseback, with whips and guns to make a noise, and the mob is headed for the V shaped wings of an enclosure. When surrounded, the poor creatures are killed with sticks or "waddies," and only a few, frightened by the chase and the smell of blood, attempt to give fight. G. A. H. says that he has taken part in a drive when over 800 were slaughtered in this fashion. A kangaroo, he adds, will seldom jump more than twenty-three feet at a stretch. The prices mentioned in the article are higher than are usually obtained.

F. C. S. writes:

It may not be generally known that the cover of *P.W.*, made into artificial flies, is an excellent lure for sea-trout. I will send you a specimen of the flies I use at the first opportunity.

Apropos of a recent paragraph, a military correspondent informs me that the first coloured man to receive the V.C. was Private Hodges, of a West India regiment, who served under Colonel D'Arcy, then Governor of the Gambia, at least twenty years ago or more. His exploit was at the taking of the Barra Barra, I think it is called, when as pioneer he cut down the stockade under fire.

G. H. K. asks: "Which individual has spent most of his private fortune on charities?" ——— Probably Mr. George Peabody, the American philanthropist. Beginning life as a grocer's boy, he rapidly rose from one stage to another, until at the age of thirty-five he found himself at the head of one of the wealthiest firms in America. His generosity was remarkable, and the world will never know how much he actually spent on others. Towards the second expedition in search of Franklin he contributed £2,000, and about the same time he set aside £50,000 for the building of a free library in his native town of Denver. Soon after this he gave £200,000 to Baltimore, where an Academy of Music was wanted, and in 1862 he gave £150,000 (which was afterwards increased to £600,000) for the building of houses for the poor of London. At the present time 4,551 separate buildings have been erected, containing over 10,000 bedrooms. Mr. Peabody also subscribed £600,000 towards providing education for slaves in America who had regained their freedom, about £50,000 or £60,000 for the benefit of American colleges and institutions, and £500,000 to his poorer relatives. Altogether, in his lifetime he gave away considerably over £2,000,000 for charitable purposes.

From the editorial letter box:

I observe from *P.W.* of June 8th, that you are inaugurating a competition for supplying several classes of very useful public servants with nicknames; or, as you sweetly put it, "a distinctive and familiar appellation." Don't you think this is getting rather low down? May I, without seeking for any of your guineas, offer you a suggestion for a "distinctive and familiar appellation" for the person who suggested and for those who encourage such tomfoolery? The word is "Ass." If this meets with your usual kind consideration I am certain that you will see its fitness.

It looks as though donkeys are going to be rather plentiful, for lots of competitions are coming in.

TWO anonymous correspondents have written to make an offer which I am rather inclined to accept. They want, on behalf of *P.W.*, to start from London without a penny in their pockets, and to travel round the world, earning their living and their passage by their own unaided exertions. They propose carrying a schedule, which could be signed at various stations by those in authority, to show that there was no deception while forwarding reports of their progress as regularly as circumstances would permit. Such an attempt is already being made by two French journalists, but no Briton has hitherto faced the enterprise.

AMOS AND OTHERS.—Many of the theatres being now closed for the summer, we have stopped *Footlight Favourites* for the present; it will probably be resumed later on.

A LETTER has reached me from a correspondent at Cape Town in which I find the following advertisement inclosed. It appeared originally in the CAPE TIMES, and was evidently written in a spirit of sarcasm. From what I have heard the prices charged in Seapoint, the aristocratic suburb of the South African metropolis, are extortionate even beyond anything that we are compelled to submit to in England:

ENGLISH FAMILY, in best part of Seapoint, is prepared to receive gentleman; everything found except board and lodging; £15 a month. Apply at this office.

E. L. KNIGHT PRATT writes *apropos* of a recent statement in *P.W.*:

Some years ago I know that many people upheld the opinion that the greyhound was unable to hunt by scent, but at the present day all practical coursing men know that, although the faculty of scent is kept in abeyance by the art of man, the greyhound can be trained to use its nose almost as well as the foxhound, and certainly as well as the average terrier.

On this subject I can refer you to the, perhaps, greatest authority on coursing and greyhounds—Stonehenge. In an article in his book, "British Rural Sports," in which he advocates the use of the greyhound for deer-stalking, he says: "Greyhounds are always debarred from using the power which Nature has given them, in common with all dogs, of running by scent as well as by sight; the consequence is, that they do not exercise that power, and, to a certain extent, it is in abeyance; but, if they are allowed to use it, they soon acquire a delicate and acute sense of smell, and can work out a scent as well as a foxhound. Mr. A. Graham tells me that he formerly used to run his greyhounds a great deal with blinkers on, by which they were prevented from doing more than just rushing at their hares and instantly losing them. These dogs, he says, soon acquired the most perfect use of their noses, and would hunt a hare as well as a beagle, or even wind her while in her form, and then, guessing at the spot which they were unable to see, they would pounce upon their victim and seize her in their relentless jaws."

Such evidence is conclusive as to the nose of these dogs, for if they can do these things while discouraged in every possible way, what might they not be expected to do it properly entered to their game? In the young greyhound the sense is much stronger than in the old kennelled dog, as might naturally be expected, and I am quite certain that a young dog may be entered to hare, fox, or deer, and taught to hunt either as well as any foxhound.

BEREAVED writes: "Will you please answer the following question through your legal column: My sister died last October intestate, being a spinster. My brother died in the previous March, leaving a widow and issue, but has since married again. Can the widow or children claim any of my sister's effects?" ——— The intricacy of this question makes it so interesting that I would gladly answer it if I had not made a point of omitting all legal conundrums from the paper. What is the position of the widow of a man who has died and since married again, anyway?

M. E. H. writes:

Referring to E. V. H.'s recent inquiry as to the origin of the saying "To drown the miller," perhaps I may be permitted to point out that the term is commonly used in the North of England in the sense of accidentally adding too much water to the flour in making bread.

I MAKE no doubt that my readers, one and all, will be interested to hear that on Saturday, June 15th, will be held in London a street collection on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND. Last year it may be remembered that a similar appeal to the public met with a most generous response. On the principle of always beating one's own record, I want this season to double the total then received, a feat which may easily be accomplished if everyone will kindly afford twice as much as they did on the last occasion. I may as well say at once, however, that the boxes which will be presented by the ladies who have kindly undertaken the work are intended for the reception of gold, silver, and copper, and not for discarded brace-buttons, half-burnt matches, and other rubbish. Five-pound notes, and cheques, however, will not be refused. The neighbourhoods in which the collections will be made are the East and West Central postal districts, and also in Westminster; and I may remind my readers that the happiness of thousands of little children depends upon this harvest of the streets. Subscriptions from other quarters are beginning to arrive on a wholesome wholesale scale, as a glance at the long list of acknowledgments will show. A great many of the collecting forms which we gave away a few weeks ago have been returned well filled. Where are the others? One was picked up from the bottom of a third-class railway carriage on the L.B. and S.C.R. the other day. If the loser will apply at the office the document will be returned.

BY the way, the second collecting competition has closed, and the result will be announced with all possible speed. In the meantime another opportunity is offered for those who are in any way anxious to obtain something for nothing but the trouble of asking people to subscribe to the F.A.F. To the reader who sends in the largest amount collected for this purpose on or before July 9th will be awarded a bicycle with pneumatic tyres, worth £22, which has kindly been presented for the purpose by the Nimrod Cycle Co., of Bristol. The second prize will be a £3 3s. suit offered by the Limerick Clothing Co., of Limerick; the third prize £3 3s. worth of goods given by Messrs. Roberts, Somerville & Co., tweed manufacturers, Galashiels; the fourth a guinea set of pottery presented by the Pearson Pottery Co., of Hanley; and the fifth a guinea cricket bat which is the gift of Messrs. Pilling and Briggs, of Manchester.

CHARITY, which begins at home, fortunately does not end there, and it is with considerable pleasure that I have received a letter from a Portuguese living at Lisbon, who has generously inclosed 4s. 6d. for the FRESH AIR FUND, accompanied by a letter, which, by the way, is written in the most excellent English. I have also to thank Mr. Walter H. Smith for his kind gift of a perambulator for the use of the cripple children, and Miss Mabel Arundall and her little brother for a mail-cart.

The following is the list of F.A.F. subscriptions up to date:

Amount Previously Acknowledged £343 4s. 1½d.

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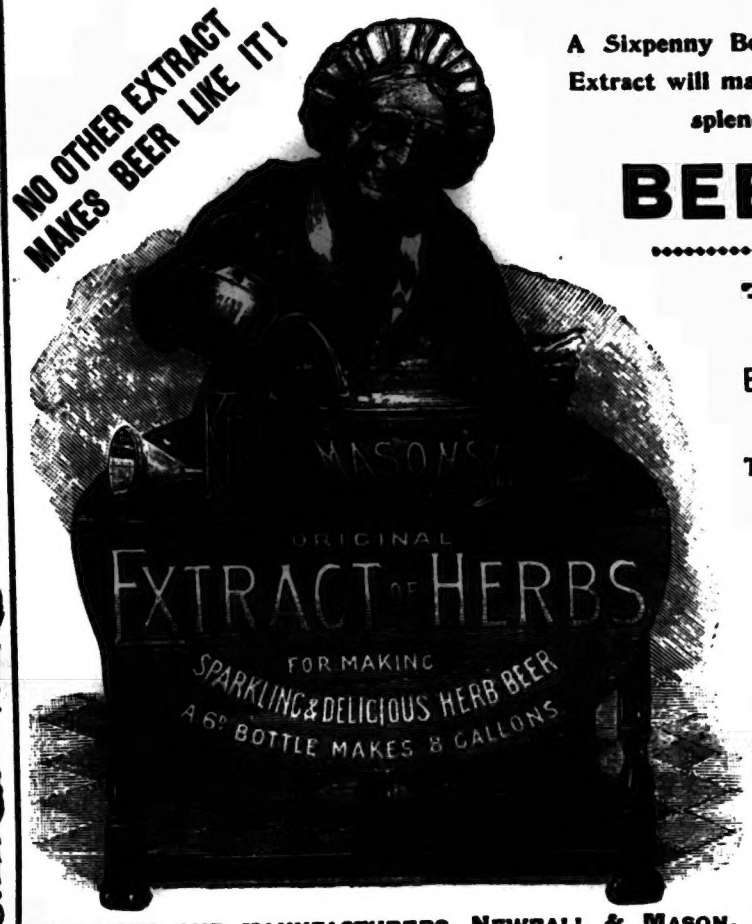

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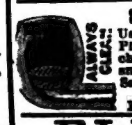

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Lady Scratchley
Lady Brooke
Lady Bute
Lady Pryse
Lady Loring
Lady A. Sherson
Lady L. Warner
Lady Macdonald
Lady Hylton
Lady Evelyn Courtenay
Lady Ormathwaite
Lady E. Hope
Lady Croft
Lady Nugent
Lady Sotheby
Lady Rawlinson
Lady Annie Lloyd
Lady Adye
Lady Helen Macgregor
Lady Samson

THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" CARPETS. (Registered.)

SALE OF THE "PRUDENTIAL" CARPETS (REGD.)

Reversible, with a different pattern on both sides, woven throughout with handsome Border to correspond; richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. Made in 10 sizes only. These carpets are the productions of much care, labour, and forethought, and are made in handsome and elaborate patterns (which are protected by registration). They combine the rich blended colours of the Turkish and Persian with the elegant designs of the Wilton. These goods cannot be distinguished from real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

(Copyright registered.) If this design is wanted, kindly quote Registered No. 247,281.

	Reduced sale price
6ft. by 9ft.	5s. 6d. each
7½ft. by 9ft.	7s. 6d. „
9ft. by 9ft.	8s. 6d. „
9ft. by 10½ft.	9s. 6d. „
9ft. by 12ft.	11s. 6d. „
10½ft. by 12ft.	13s. 6d. „
12ft. by 12ft.	15s. 6d. „
12ft. by 13½ft.	17s. 6d. „
12ft. by 15ft.	19s. 6d. „
12ft. by 18ft.	24s. „

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Reg.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1s. 6d. extra; size, 2 yards long and 1 yard wide.

Special Offer—3 Hearthrugs for 4s. 3d., or 6 for 8s., or 12 for 15s. 6d.

P.S.—When this design is wanted in Hearthrugs or Carpets, as above, kindly quote Registered No. 247,280.

Blairquhan, Maybole, N.B., 3rd Aug., 1894.—Lady Hunter Blair writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson & Son send her another 'Prudential' Carpet, same as before, crimson and gold, dimensions 9ft. by 10½ft. Cheque inclosed."

25, Shardloes Road, New Cross, London, Jan. 18th.—S. W. Ayley, Esq., writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Prudential' Carpets you forwarded me some time ago, and wish another to be sent, 7½ft. by 9ft., price 8s. 6d., and three 'Queen's Royal' Hearthrugs for 7s. Cheque inclosed for amount."

REMARKS.—A lady customer writes complaining that we send out too large a Carpet for the money. Be this so or not, we send out no "Eclipse" Carpet measuring less than 6ft. by 9ft., even for 3s. 6d.

TEST THEM, THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU.

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.

HODGSON v. WEBB BROS.—On the 18th day of July, Mr. Justice Chitty, sitting in the High Court of Justice, granted an interim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Frederick Hodgson's (of Leeds) Trade Mark, "Eclipse," No. 93,774.

100,000 "ECLIPSE" CARPETS (Regd.) TO YOUR HOME IN 20 PATTERNS.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

Sale Price **3/6** Each.

This gigantic offer is a special contract made to readers of P.W. only. We will forward direct from the looms to any address, on receipt of amount, A GENUINE WOVEN SEAMLESS REVERSIBLE CARPET, the largest ever sold at the price, suitable for sitting-room or bedroom, bordered and woven in Art Colours, large enough to cover any ordinary sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profits. Remember, these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at almost double above prices. A RUG SENT WITH CARPET, 1/- EXTRA.

SPECIAL OFFER } 2 Carpets and 2 Rugs for 8s., or 4 Carpets and 4 Rugs, 15s. 6d.; or 8 Carpets and 8 Rugs for 30s. Value unequalled in the annals of advertising. As a favour, kindly examine and compare these Carpets.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Do not miss this opportunity, it may Not Occur Again.

"We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously low sum."—EXCHANGE AND MART. "Wonderful value for money."—CHURCH BELLS. Hundreds of favourable press notices from the "Christian Globe," "Christian World," "Christian Age," "Rock," "Catholic Times," &c.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Sale Price **2/-** Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household **HEARTHRUGS** (Regd.) Sale Price **2/-**

In Reversible Rich Turkey Patterns, measuring 6ft. long and 3ft. wide. These Hearthrugs have gained a world-wide reputation for Magnificence, Cheapness, and Utility, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of *repeat orders* and testimonials received, including undermentioned, giving the highest satisfaction.

SPECIAL OFFER.—3 for 5s. 9d., 6 for 11s. 3d., 12 for 22s.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

GIGANTIC SALE OF THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" HOUSEHOLD REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS (Regd.)

Trade Mark on all goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

6ft. by 9ft., sale price	9s. 6d.	10½ft. by 12ft., sale price	20s. 6d.
8ft. by 9ft. „	11s. 6d.	12ft. by 12ft. „	22s. 6d.
6ft. by 12ft. „	12s. 6d.	9ft. by 15ft. „	21s. 6d.
9ft. by 9ft. „	13s. 6d.	12ft. by 13½ft. „	25s. 6d.
9ft. by 10½ft. „	15s. 6d.	12ft. by 15ft. „	23s. 6d.
9ft. by 12ft. „	17s. 6d.	12ft. by 18ft. „	31s. 6d.
9ft. by 13½ft. „	19s. 6d.	12ft. by 21ft. „	38s. 6d.

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE REAL BRUSSELS HEARTHRUGS,

SALE PRICE **6/6** In Rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6ft. by 3ft., which for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture, will be found unapproachable. SPECIAL OFFER—Three Rugs, 19/-; Six for 37/-.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.

The Right Honourable the Viscountess Melville writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like five more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s., one ditto 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. inclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS.

Extraordinarily Heavy, very best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra-cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome Border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years, and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	4½ft. by 7 ft.	11s.	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9ft. by 12 ft.	38s.
	6 ft. by 9 ft.	18s.		11ft. by 12 ft.	47s.
	7½ft. by 9 ft.	23s.		12ft. by 13½ft.	59s.
	9 ft. by 9 ft.	29s.		12ft. by 16 ft.	69s.
	9 ft. by 10½ft.	33s.		12ft. by 18 ft.	77s.

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy, from all parts of the Empire.

H.I.H. Eugènie de Christoforo
Princess Palæologue Niccephore-Commence
Princess de Croy
Dow.-Mar. of Londonderry
Dow.-Mar. of Downshire
Duchess of Wellington
Duchess of Richmond
Marchioness of Breadalbane
Marchioness of Hastings
Marchioness of Drogheda
Marchioness of Bute
Countess Dowager Lady Thomas
Countess Dow. of Morton
Dow. Countess of Rodern
Dow. Countess of Clancarty
Countess of Ashburnham
Countess of Mar & Kellie
Countess of Effingham
Countess of Ferriers
Countess of Lanesborough
Countess of Craven
Countess of Yarborough
Countess of Winchilsea
Countess of Haddington
Countess of Aberdeen
Countess of Lichfield

THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" HEARTHRUGS. (Registered.)

Viscountess Halifax
Viscountess of Trafalgar
Baroness Le Linden
Baroness de Ponneyrie
Baroness de Rottenburg
Dowager Lady Abercromby
Dowager Lady Aylesford
Right Hon. Lady Martin Keane
Countess Kearney
Countess Cowley
Countess Lintsow
Countess of Westmeath
Countess of Mayo
Viscountess Torrington
Viscountess of Molesworth
Viscountess of Hereford
Rev. Canon Hurst
Rev. Canon Thornton
Rev. Canon Mather
Rev. Canon Cooper
Rev. Canon Hamilton
Rev. Canon Tottenham
Rev. Canon Dudgeon
Rev. Canon Bush
Rev. Canon Were

THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" CARPETS. (Registered.)

Lady Dixie
Lady Queensbury
Lady E. Heneage
Lady Darnley
Lady Legard
Lady Claud Hamilton
Lady Caroline Kaye
Lady Rose
Lady Newman
Lady Hewitt
Lady Fowke
Lady F. Buckby
Lady Mary Fielding
Lady Coleridge
Lady Mure
Lady Mary Skrine
Lady Monck
Lady Grant Duff
Lady Pigott
Lady Lees
Lady Gillespie
Lady Moore
Lady Garrock
Lady Leeds
Lady Thompson
Lady Anne Lyon
Lady H. Amory
Lady Aylmer
Lady Parker
Lady Theresa Boyle
Lady Morris
Lady Pauncefote
Lady Taylor

THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" HEARTHRUGS. (Registered.)

SPECIALLY REDUCED SALE PARCEL *With Free Gift inclosed.*

SALE PRICE **10/6**

1 **Luxuriously Handsome Goat-skin Hearthrug,** of Rich, Silken, Glossy Fur, in splendid condition, in Grey and White, average size, 6ft. by 3ft. wide, perfection guaranteed.

1 **Chaste Oriental Reversible Woven Rich Silk Velvet Table Cover.** In Indian Red, Blue, Yellow, Bronze, Cream, and Salmon, well finished, measuring 1yd. square. These are the most superb goods ever imported.

2 **Superbly Handsome High-class Real Opossum Fur Skin Mats,** average size, 32in. by 17in. Lined and Mounted on Crimson Pinked Cloth Borders; for elegance, warmth, and cheerfulness they will be found unrivalled; perfection guaranteed.

PROVIDING THIS COUPON, P.W. 22/6/95, is quoted, a FREE GIFT will be inclosed—a very fashionable LEATHER PURSE, with handsome nickel mounts and fastener, with compartments.

SPECIAL SALE OF REAL BRUSSELS HEARTHRUGS.

Sale Price **4/11** In all the latest Oriental Art Designs, Style, Effect, and Colourings they are equal in appearance and wear to goods costing 2 to 3 guineas. Former Price **6/11** They measure 3ft. wide by 6ft. long, are extraordinarily heavy, and are guaranteed to wear well, and will never fail to bring orders. GUARANTEED SPECIAL OFFER—3 Hearthrugs, 14/6; 6 for 28/-.

2nd North Staffordshire Regiment, Anglesea Barracks, Portsmouth, Jan. 4. Col.-Sergt. J. Smith writes: "The Brussels Hearthrug to hand at 6/11 has given great satisfaction. Please forward other goods as particulars. Amount 13s. inclosed."

SPECIALLY REDUCED INTRODUCTION SALE PARCEL, *With Free Gift inclosed.*

Containing—

1 Magnificent Rich Cream Coloured Curly Sheep-skin Hearthrug, average size 6ft. by 3ft. Perfection in quality.

1 Beautiful Reversible Art Crimson Silk Plush Bed Rug, Sofa Cover, or Table Cover, double warp, very heavy, size 50in. by 78in.

2 Beautiful Silver Goat-skin Door Mats, lined woollen cloth throughout, pinked edges, best finish, ornamental for any room.

SALE PRICE **9/6** THE LOT.

PROVIDING THIS COUPON, P.W. 22/6/95, is quoted, a FREE GIFT will be inclosed—a very fashionable LEATHER PURSE, with handsome nickel mounts and fastener, with compartments.

WE RELY UPON SPONTANEOUS REPEAT ORDERS FROM OUR CLIENTS FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF OUR TRADE. ESTABLISHED NEARLY QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Pearson's Weekly. CARPET COUPON. 22/6/95.
On receipt of this Coupon and P.O. or Stamps for amount, we guarantee to send any goods as above to your address in any part of the United Kingdom. Cash returned in full if not satisfied.
(Signed) F. HODGSON & SON.

ALL ORDERS DESPATCHED SAME DAY IN ROTATION AS THEY ARRIVE BY POST.

N.B.—Foreign Orders executed and packed free, and shipped at lowest rates. Telegraphic Address: ECLIPSE, LEEDS.

F. HODGSON & SON, CHEQUES AND P.O.'s PAYABLE TO Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.